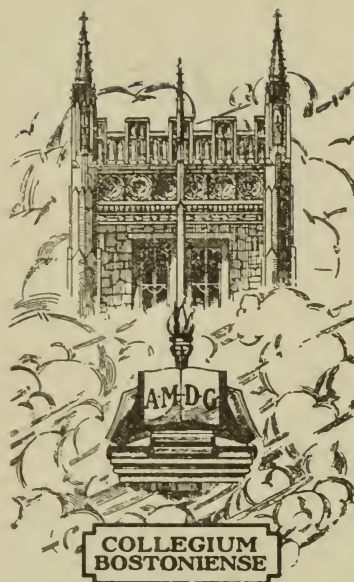




IRELAND

AND ITS

SCENERY.



Gift of
Miss Mabel Jones

Jms.



Mr. Dargle, (Wicklow)

IRELAND

and its

SCENERY.



Lusk Church & Round Tower

LONDON
P. ALLMAN 403. OXFORD STREET



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I R E L A N D

AND ITS

SCENERY.

Illustrated by Thirty-five Engravings on Steel,

BY VARIOUS ARTISTS.

WITH DESCRIPTIONS BY

JOHN TILLOTSON,

AUTHOR OF

"PICTURESQUE SCENERY" IN WALES," "ALBUM OF SCOTTISH SCENERY," "BEAUTIES OF
ENGLISH SCENERY," &c.

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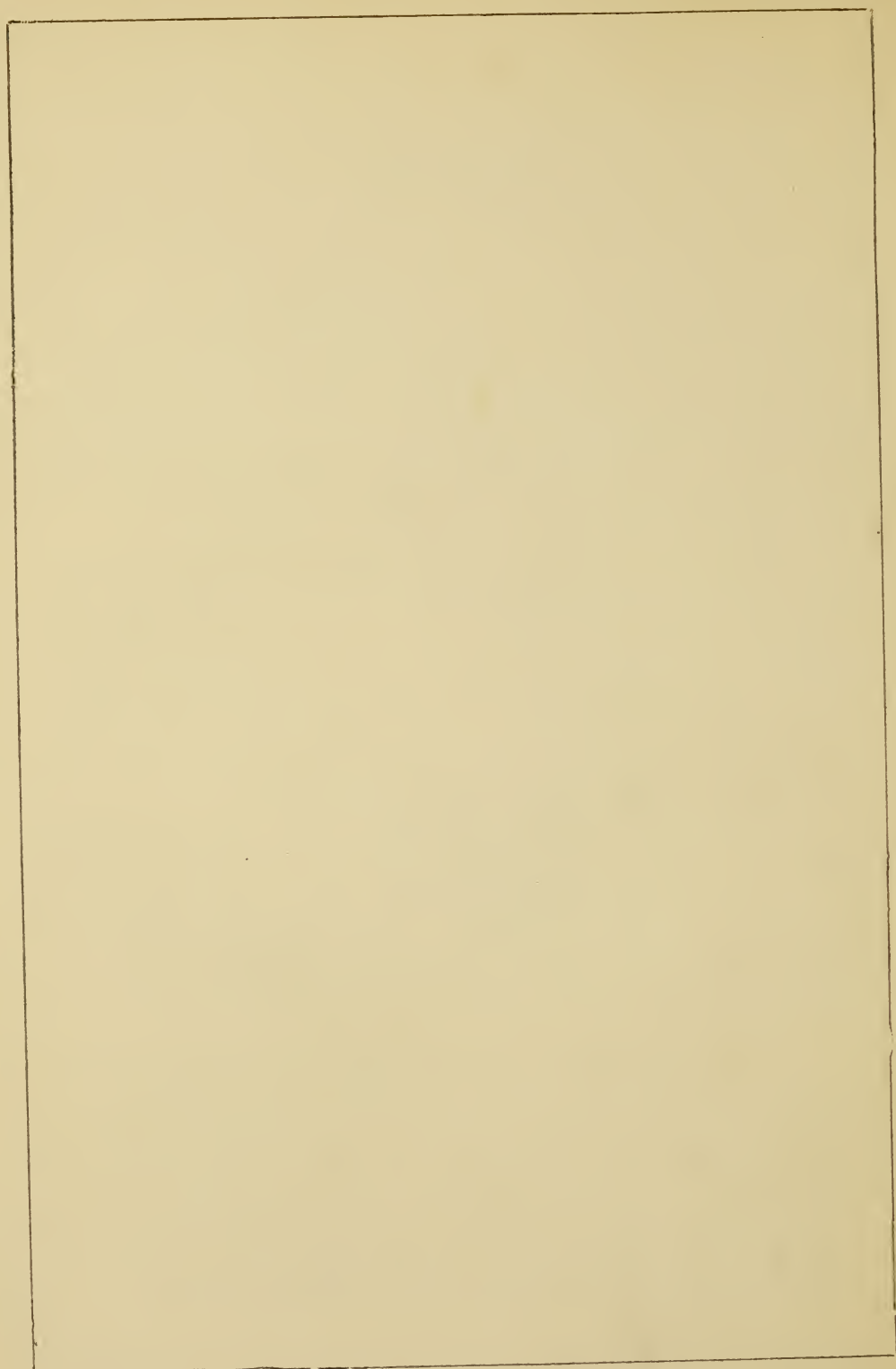
PREFACE.

"IRELAND," says Lord Bacon in his "Considerations touching Plantation," "is endowed with so many dowries of nature, considering the fruitfulness of the soil, the ports, the rivers, the fishings, the quarries, the woods and other materials, but especially the race and generation of men, valiant, hard and active, as it is not easy, no not upon the Continent, to find such confluence of commodities, if the hand of man did join with the hand of nature."

A visitor to Ireland in the present day, nearly three centuries after my Lord of Verulum expressed this opinion, will be ready to endorse it. The beauty of the scenery, the fertility of the soil, the exceeding richness and brightness of the verdure, eminently entitling the land to its descriptive name—the Green Isle—indicate very plainly that the hand of nature has dealt liberally with this jewel set in the Silver Sea. But the hand of man does not join with that of nature, and poverty dwells where plenty should abound.

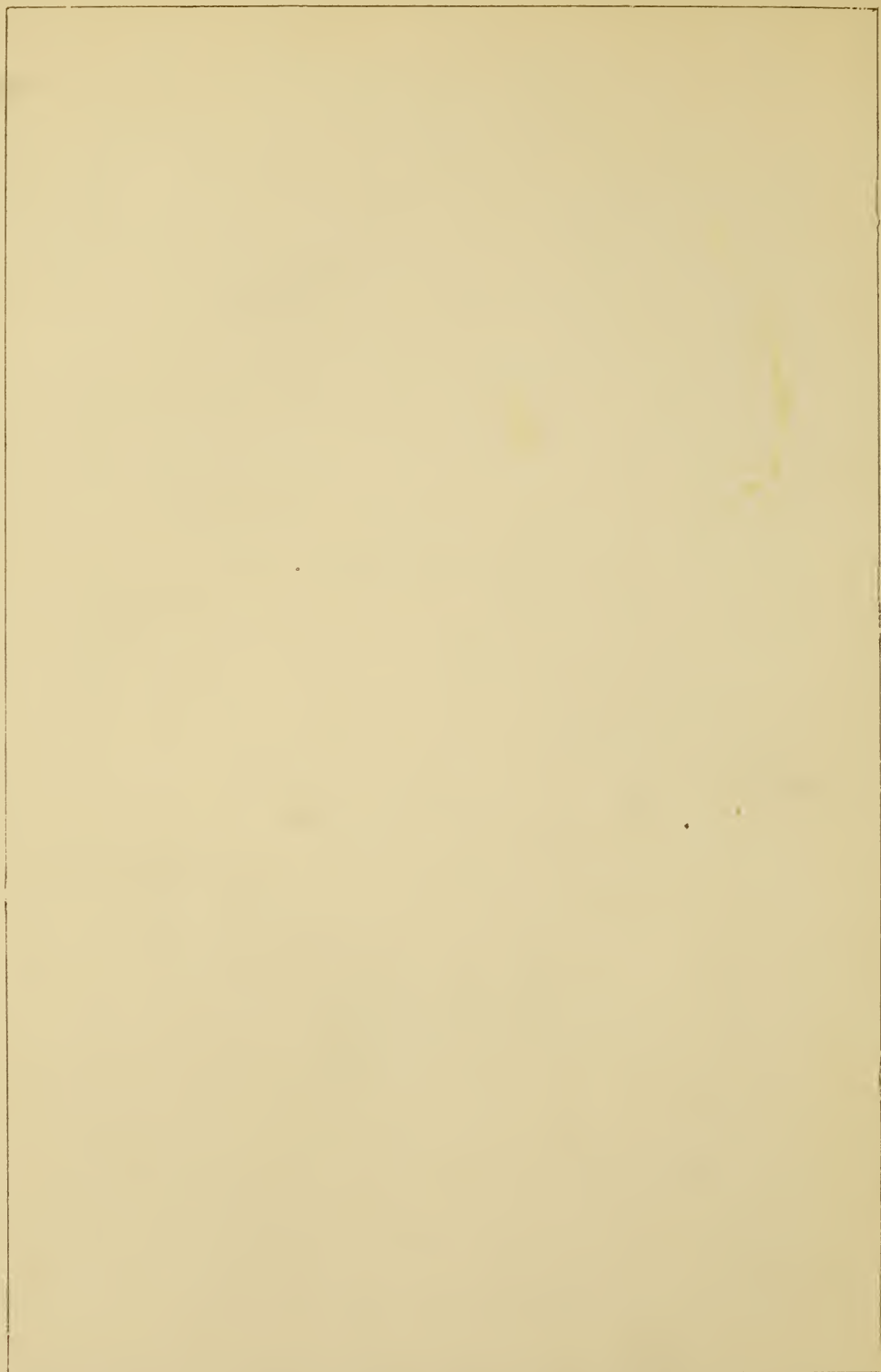
It does not come within our province to descant on the industrial resources of Ireland; it is ours rather to 'babble of green fields,' of ruined towers, of fishing villages, of old times, and new railways, of history and poetry, and picturesque scenery: ours, in fact, to serve as humble Cicerone to the panorama of Irish landscape so gracefully and faithfully rendered by the artists' pencil.

No word of commendation is required for the pictures, and of the letter-press that accompanies them; all that need be said is, that the penman has done the best he could. He has quoted largely—and owns himself indebted to Windle's "Cork and South of Ireland," Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Thackeray, the Memoir of Thomas Moore, Mr. William Howitt, and very many others, not forgetting a valuable Guide to Tourists, the "Pea Green" Hand Book, to which pleasant allusion is made by Sir Francis Head in his "Fortnight in Ireland."



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(*Frontispiece.*)

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TURK WATERFALL, KILLARNEY.

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THE CATHEDRAL AND FORT, CORK, FROM
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RAILWAY.

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BETTYSTOUN STRAND, DUBLIN AND DRO-
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RUINS OF THE DOMINICAN PRIORY, DRO-
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PORTRANE DUBLIN AND DROGHEDA RAIL-
WAY.

ARMAGH.

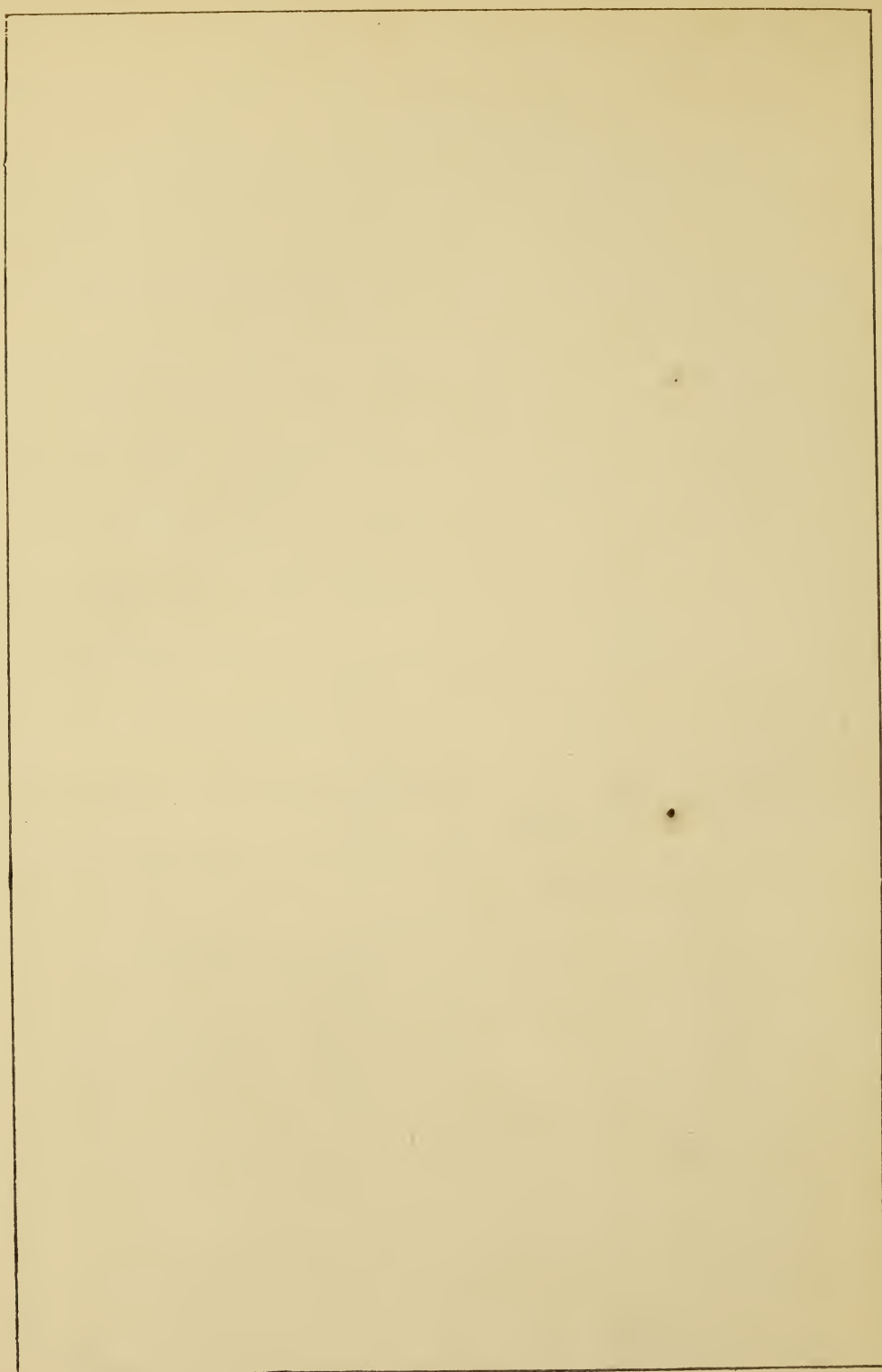
BUCKINGHAM, THE SEAT OF VISCOUNT
LOBTON.

NANNY WATER CASTLE, DOWN.

BALLYGARTH CASTLE, ON THE NANNY.

ROSTREVOR, AND MONUMENT OF GENERAL
ROSS.

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.



THE DARGLE.

“There is beauty in the rounded woods, dark with heavy foliage,
In laughing hills and dented fields, this valley and its lake.”

TUPPER.

THE Dargle is one of the most beautiful spots in County Wicklow, and the attractions of its sylvan solitude amply repay for the journey. We will suppose, for example, that the reader has set up his head-quarters at Bray, a charming place, patronised by the upper ten of Dublin, and chosen of visitors from all countries. You may—in Saxon ignorance—have imagined that discomfort and delay awaited you in the green Isle; that, when you travelled like the immortal Peggy in a low-back car, you would be jolted over a road that might have been laid down in the days of Brian Boro and never mended since; that the shebeen house would be your roosting place, and that in consideration of the lovely and delightful scenery you must be ready to forego all the comforts and luxuries which on this side of the Irish Channel you had been taught to regard as necessities from your earliest year. Well, you are undeceived. You find at the hotel every accommodation, and when you wish to see all that there is to be seen—lions large or small in the neighbourhood—the spirited proprietor of that hotel, who is not a dark-browed individual with a decidedly Danny Mannish aspect, nor a light-hearted Handy Andy always cheerful and always blundering, but just the very type and model of all good landlords—will aid you to make the acquaintance of the neighbourhood, and in the early morning have a conveyance ready to convey you to the Dargle.

Clatter over Bray Bridge, skirt along the mail-coach road the eastern end of County Dublin, and then away among picturesque scenery that becomes more and more romantic at every turn of the wheels, and here at length are you at the Dargle, a famous glen through which a mountain stream rushes on wildly, dancing and leaping to music of its own making.

Here is the graphic picture given by one thoroughly familiar with the place:—“It is a weird and beautiful glen or ravine, formed by two imposing hills, or rather mountains, of very precipitous height, clothed from base to apex with dense oak woods, and with an undergrowth of laurestinus and wild myrtle, amidst which the dog-rose, the sweet briar, and wild woodbine spread

their tendrils. The close approach to each other of the two sides of this singular glen, and the vast depth of its leafy solitudes, confer upon it features amounting almost to sublimity, as well as beauty. The dense masses of verdure, interspersed with jutting rocks and beetling cliffs, leaving but dim glimpses visible of the blue sky, added to the roar of the torrent, rushing unseen, with hoarse murmurs, amidst the rocks beneath,—all contribute to the sombre grandeur of the scene. About midway in the wooded depths of the glen there shoots up a lofty cliff, covered with mosses and creeping plants. This cliff at its summit projects considerably across the glen, forming something like the section of an arch, toppling over the gloomy chasm beneath, where the torrent rushes through. The crag is traditionally known by the name of “The Lover’s Leap,” and, as its name sufficiently imports, has a romantic story attached. The summit is accessible by a winding path, and when the tourist gains the top, he encounters one of the finest views, commanding the entire extent of this richly-wooded dell. Lower down, on the side of the glen, he finds a rustic seat, thatched over, whence he views a scene of demi-Appennine grandeur. Immediately below yawns a vast chasm in the rock, down which plunges a foaming torrent, which is seen only as it leaps headlong, its fall far below being hidden amidst the dense masses of foliage impending at either side. Above, rising, tier over tier, to an immense height, are thickets of evergreen oak, fir, and larch, with an undergrowth of shrubs, leaving in some parts but a narrow section of the blue heaven visible. The effect of an occasional gleam of sunshine glancing downwards obliquely through this Irish “Valambrosa”—darting its arrowy light through the flickering leaves, and flashing far below amidst the half-hidden waters of the torrent—is surpassingly beautiful.”

The same writer quotes fastidious Mr. Barrow in confirmation of his own statements, and we find that grave and seldom-to-be-satisfied gentleman saying: “I was more pleased with the Dargle than anything I had seen in Wicklow. It is by far the most beautiful of those several disruptions that I have just spoken of. It would be impossible to convey an idea of the beauty of the blended colouring when the autumnal tints are upon the trees.”

The historical associations of the locality are chiefly associated with the ancient bards of Ireland, who there found refuge from the violence of the English soldiers, in the reign of Edward III.





Gouverneur Co. Watkins

POWERSCOURT.

"Beneath whose battlements, within whose walls,
Power dwelt amid her passions ; in proud state
Each feudul chief upheld their arm'd halls ;
Doing his evil will, nor less elate,
Than mightier heroes of an older date."

IN the neighbourhood of the Dargle are the mansions and pleasure grounds of Lord Powerscourt. The most interesting feature in the lands attached to the mansion is a celebrated waterfall, the grandeur and the beauty of which have been variously described by various travellers. Barrow of the cold heart—Clay Barrow let us call him, and clay withal that seldom warms beneath the warmest sun—records his opinion. He says : "Having sufficiently satisfied my curiosity at Luggelaw, I retraced my steps and proceeded on to the waterfall in the Powerscourt domain, much extolled by tourists ; but, for my part, I thought so little of it after the beautiful falls of water I had seen in Sweden and Norway, that when the driver suddenly stopped, and called my attention to the fall just opposite, at some distance off from the road, 'Is *that* all?' quoth I. 'Yes, plase your honour ; that's all.' 'Then drive on as fast as you please,'—an order which seemed to amuse the driver exceedingly, no doubt setting me down in his mind as a very tasteless traveller. It showed itself as a mere silvery thread falling perpendicularly down the face of the rock. When George IV. visited Powerscourt, a large reservoir was dug at the summit of the hill, to give a temporary effect to the cascade, but the royal guest did not pay it a visit. Though the water is deficient, the accompaniments of rock and wood give to it a character of more grandeur than otherwise it could have any pretensions to. A little farther on, a noble view of the sea opens out, with Dublin Bay at no great distance."

Other tourists, and tourists by the way who had seen northern waterfalls and some of them Niagara the Great, were better satisfied than Clay Barrow, and we are greatly mistaken if most of our readers would not be of the opinion that the Powerscourt waterfall was well worthy of a visit. Be it observed, however, that the surrounding vicinity is that which imparts the highest charm to the waterfall, the profound seclusion of the glen, the sombre

masses of surrounding wood, magnificent timber, brilliant vegetation, all contribute to make the waterfall grand and beautiful :—

“The sun weaves around thee
The beams of its splendour ;
It painteth with hues of the heavenly iris
The uprolling clouds of the silvery spring.”

It is seen to the most advantage after heavy rains, when “the tumultuous gushing of the flood” heightens its grandeur.

Powerscourt—this mansion bore the ancient name of Stagonil,—and came to the de la Poers through one of Stringbon’s followers who built a castle, which indeed every man was compelled to do who lived by the strong hand—this castle was captured by the O’Tooles and the O’Byrnes, was subsequently re-captured by the English, and was presented by Henry VIII. to the Talbots : in 1556 it was stormed and taken by the Kavanaghs ; James I. presented it to Sir. R. Wingfield, who was created Viscount Powerscourt, and for more than two centuries has been the residence of the Wingfield family. A private road leads through the demesne to Roundwood ; strangers are allowed to use it, but an order from the steward is necessary. The spacious mansion is of granite, containing, among other fine apartments, a noble hall, eighty feet by forty, in which George IV. was entertained in 1821 by Lord Powerscourt, father of the present peer. It is impossible within our limits to detail the various beauties of scenery with which this place abounds, the theme having furnished materials for volumes, and being yet far from exhausted. But in the words of Mr. Frazer, whether we regard its mansion, with its extent of appropriated demesne lands, and the beauty and variety of its surface and surrounding scenery, or its adjacent territory of 26,000 statute acres, with its woods, rivers, and mountains—its glens, valleys, dells, and ravines—Powerscourt may be safely ranked among the finest of Irish, or even British residences, the deer-park in particular being marked by much grandeur of scenery.



Glen of the Downs

THE GLEN OF THE DOWNS.

"Sweet lonely vale, that like a friend art found
To sooth my weary thoughts that brood on woe,
Through the dull days."

THIS celebrated Glen takes its name from a lofty mountain known as the Down Mountain, which attains a height of more than 1200 feet above the sea level, and offering to the eye of the traveller on the road a fair and graceful outline. The Glen is considerably more than a mile in length, and about 160 feet average breadth. At the bottom of the Glen a gushing rivulet winds its course amid rocks and shrubs, by which it is almost concealed from sight. The Grand Sugar Loaf which is seen through an opening vista in the glen is singularly beautiful, and indeed the whole of the surrounding scenery is remarkable for its romantic grandeur. It is well observed by Mr. Monck Mason, that these beautiful quartz mountains, "whose conical-shaped summits furnish with picturesque apices the mountain scenery of Wicklow, were by the native Irish called by a name which signifies 'the gilt spears,' derived from their retaining the light of the sun after the rest of the surrounding landscape was involved in darkness. This name, than which no other could be imagined more picturesque or significant, was altered for the vulgar appellation of 'Sugar-Loaves.'"

Visitors to the Glen should not neglect to pay their respects to Kilmerry, the seat of the Earl of Meath. The old house was built by the monks of St. Victor in the fourteenth century. At the dissolution of monasteries, it was granted by Henry VIII to Sir William Brabazon, who religiously preserved the antiquities of the grounds, so that at the present time they present very much the same aspect as they did under their monastic proprietors. The following brief description of the garden and house we have no doubt will be interesting to our readers.

"Within the circuit of the gardens, and adjacent to the bowling green, stands a row of the finest evergreen oaks in the United Kingdom, supposed to be nearly 400 years old, and many of the yew hedges are not of much more recent date. The winding walks and intricacies of the maze no longer exist; nor, unfortunately, do the magnificent bay trees that used to form the principal object of its attraction, most of them having been laid prostrate by the great storm of 1839, many measuring from 12 to 14 ft., and some even to 15 ft. in

circumference, at about 3 or 4 feet from the ground. Those that escaped then were blown down by the hurricane of Christmas night, 1852; but of all the losses on that night the greatest was that of by far the largest of the evergreen oaks, measuring 23 feet in circumference at 3 feet from the ground. At a short distance from the house are the remains of a sylvan theatre, cut out of the side of a bank. Its origin is unknown, but it has, however, been always considered by the family to be of considerable antiquity; and Sir Walter Scott, who visited it with great interest, has made mention of it in a note to *Ronan's Well*. At a very few yards from this theatre is a circular pond, surrounded by a very high-clipped hedge of hornbeam, in the thickness of which are formed numerous small chambers. To these it was customary, in former days—and it is to be supposed during more genial summers than we are now favoured with—for both actors and audience to adjourn for supper, each little alcove containing its own select coterie; and great, as tradition runs, was the merriment of those evenings. The house is a handsome mansion in the Elizabethan style, surrounded by terraces on different elevations. From the outer hall, which is fitted up with ancient armour, a flight of steps leads to the grand baronial hall, in which apartment there are four windows, containing an entire genealogical history of the family from the Conquest. They were painted by Mr. Hailes, and do him infinite credit for the masterly style of execution and the judicious arrangement of the colouring, as well as for the scrupulous exactitude with which he has adhered to the costumes, whether civil or military, of the different centuries. The great staircase is handsomely carved in old Irish oak, and adorned by a far more elaborate specimen of painted glass by the same artist, containing for its principal subject the landing at Hastings of William the Conqueror, accompanied by his standard-bearer, Jaques de Brabagon. The principal apartments, which extend round the south and east fronts, are enriched with several fine productions of art, both in painting and statuary. Amongst the former are two family portraits by Sir Peter Lely, two by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and two very fine modern full-length portraits of the present Earl and his Countess, with two children, by Capalti. But the gems of the collection are a portrait by Rembrandt of his wife, and one of Cardinal de Retz by Franzoni. Both these belonged to the grand-uncle of the present Emperor of the French, Cardinal Fesch, and were in his gallery at Rome. Amongst the very numerous statues, the most worthy of attention are an “Eve,” by Rinaldi; “A Ganymede and Eagle,” by Thorwaldsen; “Cyparissus and Wounded Deer,” by Pozzi; and “Cupid concealing his Arrows in a Bunch of Roses,” by the same artist.



Waterfall on the Banks of the Hudson

THE DEVIL'S GLEN.

"The wandering wind now rests his weary wings,
And, hushed in silence, broods ;
And all the vocal choir of songsters sings
Among the whispering woods."

THE DEVIL'S GLEN, near the village of Rathness, is more extensive than the Dargle, but partakes of the same character of scenery—rushing water, high, bleak cliffs, hardy green trees with a background of mountains. We shall avail ourselves of Mr. Thackeray's charming description of the Glen and Waterfall: he paid his visit on a Sunday morning.

"There is a ravine of a mile and a half, through which a river runs roaring (a lady who keeps the gate will not object to receive a gratuity), there is a ravine, a Devil's Glen, which forms a delightful wild walk, and there a Methusaleh of a landscape painter might find studies for all his life long. All sorts of foliage and colour, all sorts of delightful caprices of light and shadow, the river tumbling and frothing amidst the boulders—*rancum per lævia murmur saxa sieno*, and a chorus of 150,000 birds (there might be more), hopping, twittering, singing under the clear cloudless Sabbath scene, make the walk one of the most delightful that can be taken; and, indeed, I hope there is no harm in saying, that you may get as much out of an hour's walk there as out of the best hour's extempore preaching. But this was a salvo to our conscience for not being at church.

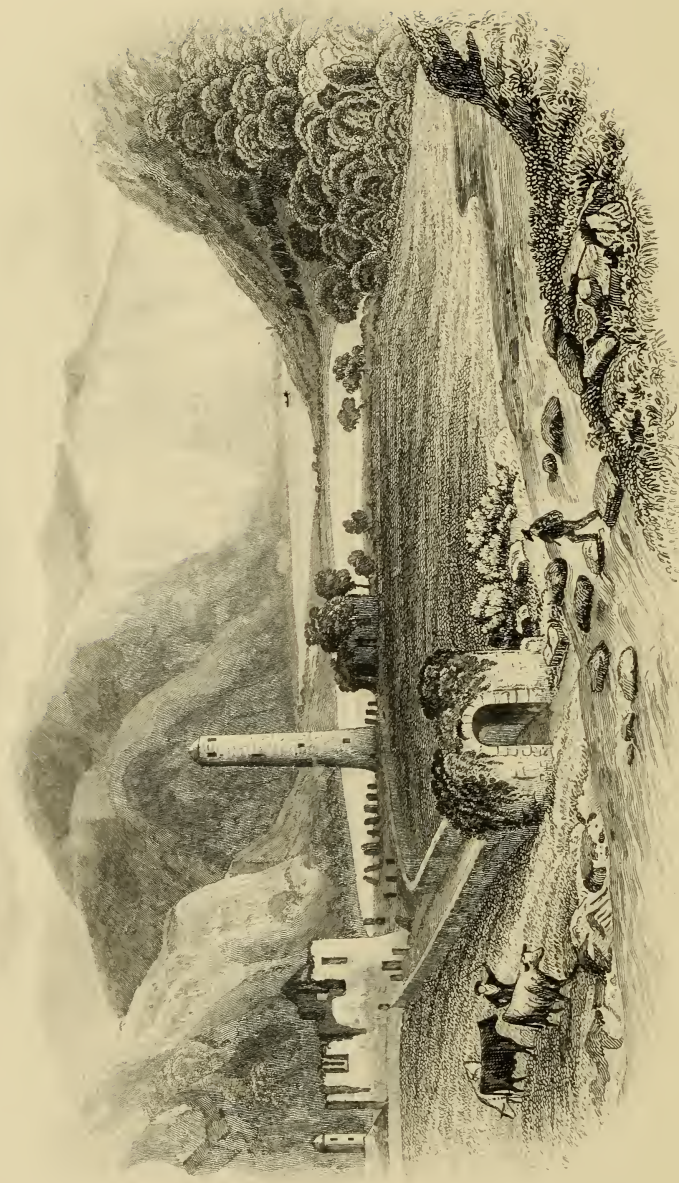
"Here, however, was a long aisle, arched gothically overhead, in a much better taste than is seen in some of those dismal new churches; and by way of painted glass, the sunlighting up multitudes of various coloured leaves, and the birds for choristers, and the river by way of organ, and in it stories enough to make a whole library of sermons. No man can walk in such a place without feeling grateful and grave and humble; and without thanking heaven for it as he comes away. And walking and musing in this free happy place, one could not help thinking of a million and a half of brother Cockneys shut up in their large prison (the treadmill for the day being idle), and told by some legislators that relaxation is sinful, that works of art are abominations except on week days."

"A long tract of wild country," the same writer continues, "with a park or two here and there, a police perched on a hill, a half-starved looking

church, stretching its long, scraggy steeple over a wide plain, mountains whose base is richly cultivated while their tops are purple and lonely, warm cottages and farms nestling at the foot of the hills, and humble cabins here and there on the way side, accompany the car that jingles back over fifteen miles of ground through Inniskerry to Bray. You pass by wild gaps, and greater and lesser sugar loaves, and about eight o'clock, when the sky is quite red with sunset, and the long shadows are of such a purple as (they may say what they like) Claude could no more paint than I can, you catch a glimpse of the sea beyond Bray, and affect to be wondrously delighted at the sight of the element.

"The fact is, however, that at Bray is one of the best inns in Ireland, and there you may be perfectly sure there is a good dinner ready, five minutes after the honest car boy, with innumerable hurroos and smacks of his whip, has brought up his passengers to the door with a gallop."

It would be pleasant indeed, if associations such as these were those only which belonged to the devil. Unhappily it is the scene of a brutal massacre. At the close of the rebellion of 1798, "several of the defeated insurgents having taken shelter within its fastnesses, fire was applied in various places, driving the unfortunate fugitives from their covert, only to fall on the bayonets and be shot down by the musketry of the yeomanry or soldiers. The number so sacrificed was never accurately known, but at the lowest computation it was sufficient to horrify the most sanguinary spirit of political vengeance in this portion of Europe, though unfortunately the animus of ferocity still beats as savagely as ever in other quarters."



Gardnabough, Co. Wicklow.

GLENDALOUGH.

“Glendalough the gloomy vale,
Soon was gentle Kathleen’s grave.”

THERE is no locality in Wicklow more honoured by tourists than Glendalough, a name which originated in the physical features of the scenery, and means the valley or glen of the two lakes. It is famous for its romantic and picturesque grandeur, and no less famous for its ruins and legends. The ruins of the Seven Churches, as the architectural remains are called, are remarkable for their singularly appropriate blending with the surrounding landscape. Here, when our own land was sunk in barbarism, men of learning and piety served at these now prostrate altars : here arose a noble monastic establishment, founded by St. Kevin in the beginning of the seventh century ; and amid this nucleus of civilization a city sprung up and flourished and decayed ; and all that remains is this round tower, these “wasted churches, crumbling oratories, shattered crosses, scathed yew tress and tombs, now undistinguishable, of bishops, abbots, and architects”—altars and shrines raised by men but recently awakened to a sense of immortality, “men, whose fathers in their youth had revered the Druid as a more than human counsellor.”

Mr. Thackeray, descanting on the charming scenery of this beautiful district, says—

“I don’t know if there is any tune about Glendalough ; but if there be, it must be the most delicate, fantastic, fairy melody that ever was played. Only fancy can describe the charms of that delightful place. Directly you see it, it smiles at you as innocent and friendly as a little child ; and once seen, it becomes your friend for ever, and you are always happy when you think of it. Here is a little lake and little fords across it, surrounded by little mountains, and which lead you now to little islands where there are all sorts of fantastic little old chapels and graveyards ; or again into little brakes and shrubberies where small rivers are crossing over little rocks, plashing and jumping, and singing as loud as ever they can. Thomas Moore has written rather an awful description of it ; and it may indeed appear big to *him*, and to the fairies who must have inhabited the place in old days—that’s clear. For who could be accommodated in it except the little people ? There are Seven

Churches, whereof the clergy must have been the smallest persons, and have had the smallest benefices and the littlest congregations ever known. As for the Cathedral, what a bishoplet it must have been that presided there!—the place would hardly hold the Bishop of London or Mr. Sidney Smith—two full-sized clergymen of these days—who would be sure to quarrel there for want of room, or for any other reason. There must have been a dean no bigger than Mr. Moore before mentioned, and a chapter no bigger than that chapter in *Tristram Shandy* which does not contain a single word, and mere pop-guns of canons, and a beadle about as tall as Crofton Croker, to whip the little boys who were playing at *taw* (with peas) in the yard. They say there was a university, too, in the place, with I don't know how many thousand scholars; but for accounts of this, there is an excellent guide on the spot, who, for a shilling or two, will tell all he knows, and a great deal more too."

The lakes of Glendalough are exceedingly interesting, and one of them has been celebrated in an exquisite lyric:

"By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep
Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep;
'Here, at least,' he calmly said,
'Woman ne'er shall find my bed.
Ah! that good Saint little knew,
What that wily sex can do.

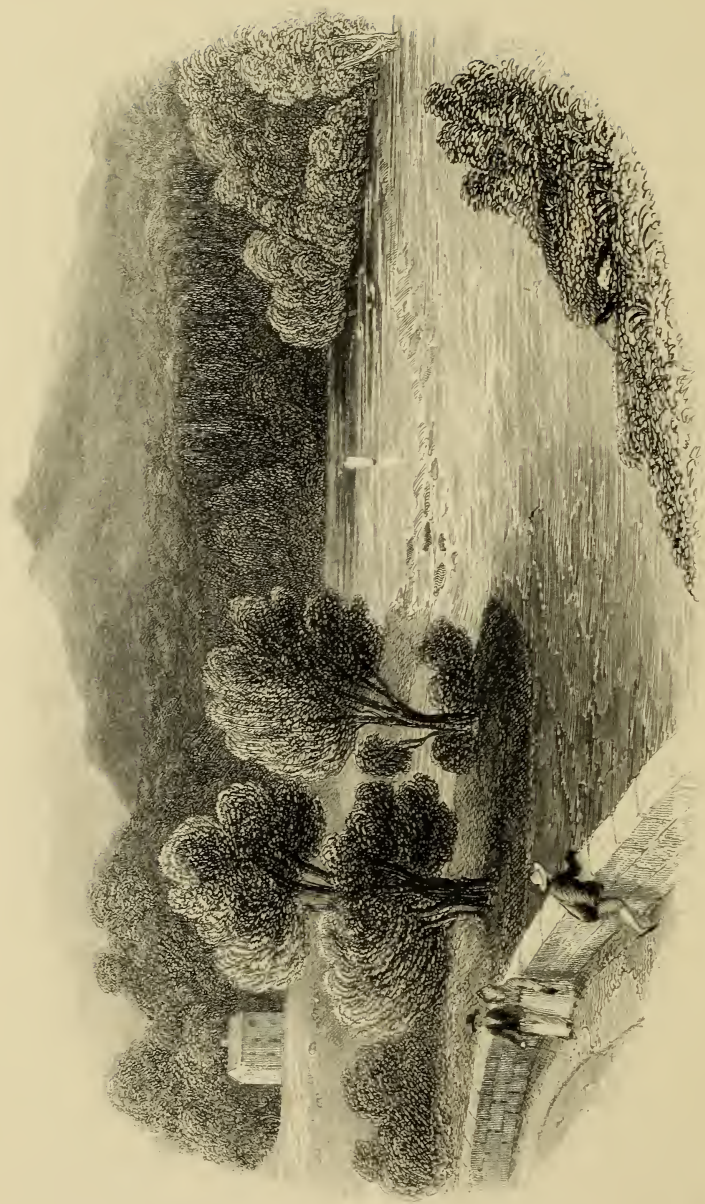
"'Twas from Kathleen's eyes he flew,—
Eyes of most unholy blue!
She had lov'd him well and long,
Wish'd him hers, nor thought it wrong.
Wheresoe'er the Saint would fly,
Still he heard her light foot nigh;
East or West, where'er he turn'd,
Still her eyes before him burn'd.

"On the bold cliff's bosom cast,
Tranquil now he sleeps at last;
Dreams of leav'n, nor thinks that e'er
Woman's smile can haunt him there.

But nor earth nor heaven is free,
From her power, if fond she be;
Even now, while calm he sleeps,
Kathleen o'er him leans and weeps.

"Fearless she had track'd his feet,
To this rocky, wild retreat;
And when morn'ning met his view,
Her mild glances met him too.
Ah, your Saints have cruel hearts!
Sternly from his bed he starts,
And with rude repulsive shock,
Hurls her from the beetling rock.

"Glendalough, thy gloomy wave,
Soon was gentle Kathleen's grave!
Soon the Saint (yet ah! too late)
Felt her love, and mourn'd her fate.
When he said, 'Heaven rest her soul!'
Round the lake light music stole,
And her ghost was seen to glide,
Smiling o'er the fatal tide."



The Abbey of the Marsh

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

"There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet."

A WIDE expanse of blue, green, purple, tipped with silver here and there as it ripples; green trees, intensely green, and grass of purest emerald; green, yellow, orange, purple, grey, on the distant mountains' lofty summit seem almost to meet into the sapphire sky. This is the locality known as the Meeting of the Waters. There has been much controversy as to which meeting of the waters—for there are two—the Poet sung in his immortal song. This difficulty Moore was understood to have settled long ago; but the controversy was revived, and it remained for the Poet biographer, Lord John (now Earl) Russell, to set the waters at rest. In the memoirs of Moore, a letter is inserted from the poet to a friend who had propounded the question, and there he says—"The fact is, I wrote the song at neither place, though I believe the scene under Castle Howard was the one that suggested it to me. But all this interest shows how wise Scott was in connecting his poetry with beautiful scenery;—as long as the latter blooms so will the former." But what matter where a song so beautiful was written—it describes the whole valley and invests it with a rare charm:

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene,
Her purest of crystal, and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the belov'd of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet Vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like the waters, be mingled in peace!

Prince Puckler Muskun, in describing the Vale of the Waters, says:—
"Just before sunset I reached the exquisitely beautiful Avondale. In this

paradise every possible charm is united. A wood which appears of measureless extent, two noble rivers, rocks of every variety of picturesque forms, the greenest meadows, the most varied and luxuriant shrubberies and thickets; in short, scenery changing at every step, yet never diminishing in beauty. The last time I traversed the valley it was moonlight, and I should have found my way with difficulty but for a young man who was returning from shooting; with true Irish kindness and courtesy he accompanied me at least three miles on foot, far beyond the most intricate parts. The night was extremely clear and mild, the sky as blue as by day, and the moon lustrous as a gem. Though I lost something in extent of view, I gained perhaps more by the magic light which was diffused through the atmosphere; but the darker and more fantastic 'contours' of the rocks—the thought-pregnant stillness—and the sweetly-awful loneliness of night. . . . Scarcely had I seated myself at table (at Avoca), when I was told that some one wished to speak to me. A young man, whom I had never seen, was shown in, and presented to me a pocket-book, which, to my no small astonishment, I recognised as my own; containing, besides other important papers which I always carry about me, all the money I had taken for my journey. I had, I know not how, dropped it out of my pocket in the summer-house; and had, therefore, no small reason to congratulate myself on so honourable and obliging a finder. In England I should hardly have had the good fortune to see my pocket-book again, even if a 'gentleman' had found it; he would probably have let it lie in peace—or have kept it."



Castle Howard, Co. Wicks

CASTLE HOWARD.

“Hung about with guns and pikes and bows,
And swords and good old bucklers which has stood against old foes.”

CASTLE HOWARD is a fine building suggestive of the ancient times of feudal splendour. It occupies an elevation of about two hundred feet above the Avon-more, and is approached by a picturesque bridge thrown across the stream. From whatever point the mansion is observed it offers a noble and commanding aspect. The approach by the bridge is made by a handsome castellated gateway of sculpture stone. The surrounding country is singularly beautiful, and from various parts in the estate splendid views can be obtained of the Vale of Avoca with its winding waters, shut in by fine purple and gray mountings and backed by the bluest of skies.

There is no special interest attaching to the Castle, but the locality has been invested with additional attraction to the tourist by Moore's lines, to which reference has been already made. The Vale is about 8 miles in length, and about a half mile in breadth, save at the confluence of the streams, where it is much wider. The lateral boundaries consist of wooded heights, crowned with every variety of forest tree and ornamental shrub, rising in some places 500 feet above the plain. It is indeed a scene of exceeding loveliness. The visitor will pause to admire the picturesque bridge which spans the blended waters of the Avon-more and Avon-beg, forming below it a placid lake, in the centre of which a small green island rears its verdant slope, crowned with arbutus, holly, and white-thorn. “Hence the united stream takes the name of the Avoca, and rolls onward towards the sea. High mountains look down on this enchanting panorama—the grim ramparts of this Happy Valley, which Rasselas might envy. The road leads along the west bank of the Avoca; on both sides the hill-steeps are clad with forest trees, the eastern being extremely rich. From above their thick foliage peep occasionally the turrets of some stately mansion, beneath which the eye detects clearings skilfully formed, so that the best points of view may be obtained; and, as the river takes a winding course, the means of amply examining the grace and splendour of the scenery are very frequent.”

During the first English occupation of Ireland in the days of the Planta-

genets the neighbourhood of the Vale of Avoca and of Castle Howard was the scene of many a struggle between the invaders and the invaded. In the '98 also many deeds were done in the same fair locality, which it is unnecessary here to repeat, as they were but samples of what was doing, or what has been done throughout the country. It is far pleasanter to gaze with rapture on the beauties of nature, to dilate on emerald valleys and silvery streams than to recall deeds of blood.

“Thy walks are ever pleasant ; every scene
Is rich in beauty, lively or serene.
Rich is that varied view with woods around,
Seen from the seat, within the shrubb’ry bound ;
Where shines the distant lake, and where appear,
From woodland depths the unmolested deer ;
Lively the village-green, the inn, the place,
Where the good widow schools her infant race.
Shops, whence are heard the hammer and the saw,
And village pleasures unproved by law.
Then how serene, when in your favourite room,
Gales from your jasmines soothe the evening gloom
And when from upland paddock you look down,
And just perceive the smoke which hides the town ;
When weary peasants at the close of day
Waik to their cots, and part upon their way.
When cattle slowly cross the shallow brook,
And shepherds pen their folds, and rest upon their crook.



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POUL A PHOUCA.

“On hill, in dale, forest or mead,
By paved fountain or by rushing brook,
Or on the beached margin of the sea,
To dance their ringlets to the whistling wind.”

THIS singular waterfall is situated in a dreamy solitude. The name signifies Puck's or Devil's-hole; and here the spirits are supposed nightly to hold high carnival and lead strangers or adventurers to death. “Here,” says a writer already quoted, “the observer may view one of the most varied and striking scenes which he has witnessed on his tour, and which is not likely to be forgotten in his after wanderings in other lands. This waterfall has been admitted by all tourists to be peculiarly beautiful, and cannot well be sneered at in the manner adopted occasionally towards its rival at Powerscourt, by ill-natured tourists. The Liffey having pursued its devious course from its source amidst the hills, rushing through the glen of Kippure, arrives at this point, where the glen narrows and becomes precipitous. The waters glide in glassy stillness to the verge of the fall from whence they are ejected, by a series of cataracts one beneath the other, till they are merged in the boiling depths of the pool at a vast distance below. The fathomless depth ascribed by the country people to this pool, and the wild tradition connected with it, have perpetuated its name of “Poul a Phouca,” by which title the entire cascade is designated. It is rarely that in scenic features of this wild character the assistance of art can enhance the grandeur and beauty of nature, but here we assuredly have an admitted exception. Some years ago a light and singularly graceful bridge of a single Gothic arch, with castellated and embattled piers, was built across the chasm 65 feet, spanning the abyss from rock to rock, whilst far below the rushing torrent is seen plunging, enveloped in clouds of mist, into the foaming pool beneath. When the river has been swollen by rains, the view of this fall is little less than sublime. This fine bit of river scenery forms part of Tulfarris demesne, whose proprietor (Mr. Hornidge), participating in the liberal spirit of so many of his Wicklow neighbours, permits the public free access. The bridge across the fall forms a viaduct, which is part of the coach-road to Baltinglass. The ravine in the vicinity of the torrent is richly planted with shrubs and evergreens. There is

a pretty thatched-cottage inn for the entertainment of visitors, also a spacious ball-room—two *agrémens* that cause the vicinage to be crowded during the summer months with pic-nic parties. About four miles on the Dublin side is Blessington, a pretty little town surrounded by lordly demesnes, Tulfarris, Will Mount, Humphrystown, &c.”

“See the rocky spring,
Clear as joy,
Like a sweet star gleaming!
O'er the clouds, he
In his youth was cradled
By good spirits
'Neath the bushes in the cliffs.

Fresh with youth
From the cloud he dances
Down upon the rocky pavement;
Thence exulting
Leaps to heaven.

For a while he dallies
Round the summit,
Through its little channels chasing
Motley pebbles round and round;
Quick, then, like determined leader,
Hurries all his brother streamlets
Off with him.

There, all round him in the vale
Flowers spring up beneath his footstep,
And the meadow
Wakes to feel his breath
But he will not linger,
'Though cool blossoms
Round his knees are clinging,
And with loving eyes entreating,
Passing notice; on he speeds
Winding snake like.”



Amsterdam

ENNISKERRY.

"A quiet, peaceful spot, where nature smiles,
Inviting to repose."

THE scenery of Wicklow both for interest and variety, cannot fail to excite the admiration of the visitor. It has won this tribute from all who ever gazed on the mingled beauty and grandeur of its scenery. "Wicklow," says a recent writer, "had ever been looked upon as the garden of Ireland in the slow old days of stage-coach travelling; while the almost universal introduction of the locomotive elsewhere, and its exclusion there, still leave it the inviolate paradise of the picturesque. And it is likely to remain so, without much fear of the obtrusion of that demon of utilitarianism which affrighted the dying muse of the bard of Rydal in the shape of the Kendal and Windermere:

'Is there no nook of English ground secure
From rash assault? Schemes of retirement sown
In youth, and mid the busy world kept pure,
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,
Must perish;—how can they this blight endure?
And must he too the ruthless change bemoan
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown?
Baffle the threat, bright scene, from Orrest-head
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance:
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance
Of nature; and, if human hearts be dead,
Speak, passing winds; ye torrents, with your strong
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.'

"True, a railway is now in rapid progress into Wicklow; but even when constructed, it will still leave the peculiar features of the country secure from the profanation apprehended by the same poet:

'Heard ye that whistle? As her long-linked Train
Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view?
Yes, ye were startled;—and, in balance true,
Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,
Mountains, and vales, and floods, I call on you
To share the passion of a just disdain.'"

The railway has been completed, but visitors to county Wicklow still find this place as attractive as before. And if it has lost some of its romantic chasms in the passage of the iron rails, the loss has served but to give additional interest to those which remain.

One of the prettiest towns in Wicklow is Enniskerry. It is a post town, in the parish of Powerscourt, barony of Rathdown, three miles west south-west of Berry, and ten miles south-east from Dublin, on the road from Dublin to Dundrum by Roundwood. The place is of modern origin, and has risen chiefly under the auspices of the noble family of Wingfield. The houses are most of them tastefully built in the cottage style, and inhabited by families of respectability; and from its vicinity to the beautiful scenery of the Dargle, the Powerscourt demesne, the Waterfall, the Scalp, and other objects of general attraction, is a favourite resort for strangers and visitors from Dublin, for whose accommodation there are comfortable lodging-houses and hotels. The air is genial, and is recommended to persons suffering from pulmonary affection. There is a Constabulary Police-station; and, near the bridge a school house and lending library. There are also alms-houses for six aged and infirm women.

In the neighbourhood of Enniskerry is a famous place of resort—favoured by all visitors, and known as the Scalp. It is a deep defile, formed by a convulsion of nature, in the bosom of a rock of mountain, composed of granite. The sides are acclivitous, but not so near the perpendicular as to prove inaccessible; and the whole surface of the ascent on both sides is covered with prodigious disjointed masses of stone, shouldering each other in tumultuous confusion, and threatening to overwhelm the passenger at each adventurous footstep. When he looks back, and views this tremendous chasm in dreary perspective, he almost believes the base of the mountain has, at some remote period, given way, throughout the extent of the ravine he has passed, and the incumbent mass fallen into the hollow of the earth; thus leaving a frightful channel, not to be accounted for on a consideration of the ordinary works of nature. It needs no argument to prove that such a conjecture is the offspring of fancy, created by unusual appearances; but sound philosophy offers no better explanation, and we quit the scene with surprise mixed with awe.



Lighthouse

LUGGELLAW.

"A lake that mirrored heaven,
And matched it in its calm repose."

FOR the following particulars respecting Luggellaw we are indebted to the interesting pages of a lucid and graphic writer :—"Luggala, or Luggellaw, is a charming spot, to which admission is most freely extended by the esteemed proprietor, Mr. Latouche, whose lodge is justly regarded as one of the sweetest summer villas in Wicklow. The beautiful lakes of Tay and Dan constitute no mean section of the charms of its vicinity. They are situated at the upper end of the glen—which winds from Luggellaw to Laragh, a distance of ten miles—designated Glenavon. Lough Tay, 807 feet above the sea, occupies a deep circular dell near the head of the glen. On the west of the Lough the impending cliffs form part of the mountain lying behind it and the military road ; on the east the wooded and less steep declivities extend towards the base of Douce mountain. Lough Tay is circular in outline, and its area about one hundred and twenty acres. There is a very old and very beautiful Irish air, called "Luggala," to which words have been adapted by Moore, commencing with "No, not more welcome, the fairy numbers," &c. ; and more recently the same air has been adapted to the famous lyric of the gifted and eccentric Father Prout, known as "The Bells of Shandon." On the eastern side of the valley was formerly one of those extraordinary druidical remains, called a "rocking stone," used by the artful arch-druid for oracular purposes. A large stone was placed on the top of another, so balanced that the smallest effort would shake it, and was supposed to be self-moved in the presence of a guilty person. In some cases, as on the Three Rock Mountain, County Dublin, the culprit was placed under the stone, which was made to vibrate over his head and threaten death at every instant, until he made full confession. In 1800, a party of military, passing this mountain, dislodged the rocking stone from its pedestal, and it is deprived, unfortunately, of its renowned power of motion.

Lough Dan, 685 feet above the sea, is about two miles below Tay, embosomed by the mountains of Knocknacloghole, Scar, and Slieve-Buckh ; wanting much of that beauty which the plantations connected with Luggellaw Cottage impart to Tay ; possessing, however, much interest, particularly at

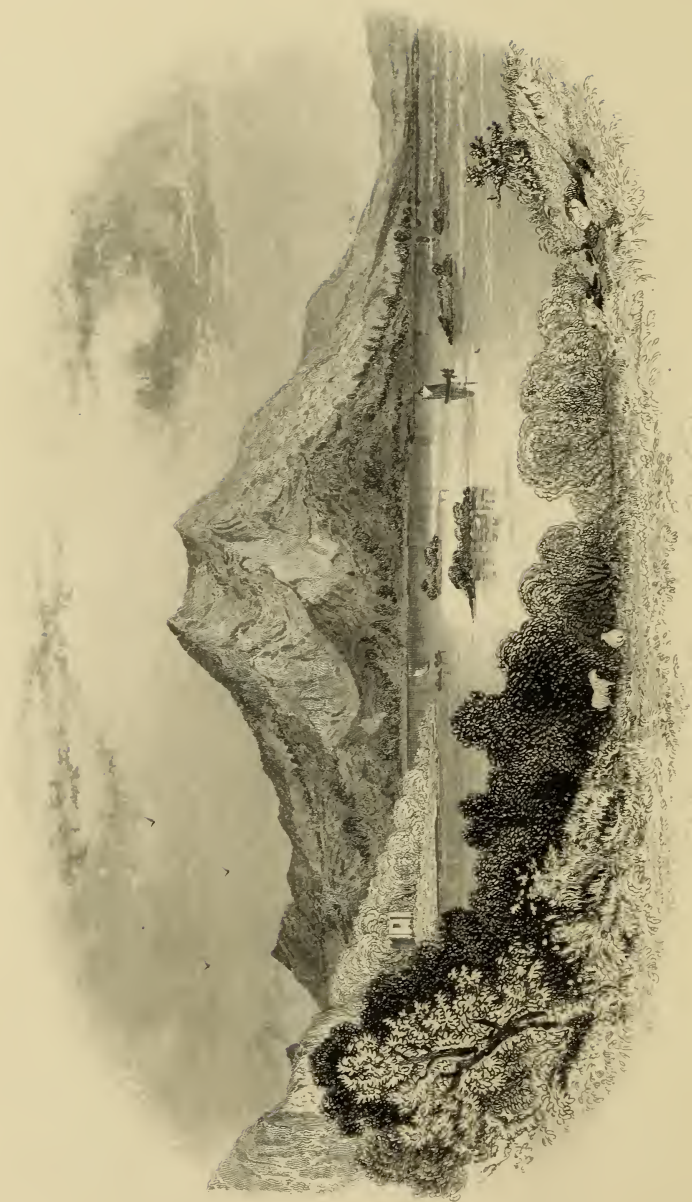
the upper end, where it receives the infant waters of the Avonmore. There the limped rivulet, having finished its first and short course through the romantic little glen which separates the mountains of Scar and Knocknacloghole, mingles its waters with the Annamoe river. Here Sterne, when a child, as he tells us himself, was once swept through the mill-race, and escaped unscathed, to the unutterable amazement of all the country round, who could hardly be persuaded that there must not be a fatal termination to so Unsentimental a Journey.

The village of Annamoe adjoins Glendalough Park; and the ruins of the residence of the O'Tooles, built probably about the 12th century, and Castle-Kevin demesne, lie a little to the left of the village, close to the road which leads to Rathdrum by Moneystown Hill. The castle appears to have been a place of strength, but few traces of its greatness are now discoverable. There is a vast number of minor beauties and interesting features, which it will be at the tourist's option to visit, according as his time or inclination serves. He may return through the pretty village of Enniskerry, and thence through some delightful scenes, including Old Connaught demesne, back to the Bray Hotel."

Sailing on the bosom of the placid lake, "so calm so still," there is an inexpressible charm, and if the voices of the party are tuned to sing, the cadence is echoed back again and again. It was in such a scene as this that Moore listened to his own sweet melody:—

"The wild notes he heard o'er the waters were those
To which he had sung Erin's bondage and woes,
And the echoes hung back from their full mountain choir,
As if loth to let song so enchanting expire;

"It seem'd as every sweet note that died here
Was again brought to life in some airier sphere,
Some heaven in those hills where the soul of the strain
That had ceased upon earth was awaking again."



View of the Harney

KILLARNEY, THE UPPER LAKE.

“O have you not heard of Kate Kearney,
She dwelt on the banks of Killarney.”

AND who is there who has not heard of Killarney, and who that has heard has not longed to visit its lakes, and who that has visited its waters has not longed to return to them?

“A week would complete a delightfully easy saunter through the wonderful scenery—a week which would result in a new stock of health, and pleasant recollections for a lifetime. During the stay, long or short, there will be a continuous sense of enjoyment derived from the delicious mildness of the climate; for, though showers, as at all lakes, are frequent enough, they are easily foreseen, and are never of any very long duration. Besides, it should be observed, that some of the most novel, rare, and gorgeous effects are witnessed during the prevalence of showers, or between their intervals,—the floating mists shrouding the mountains half way up, all beneath being enveloped in the grey mantle of floating vapour, whilst far above the summit (of Mangerton, for instance,) glows in refulgent gold reflecting the sunlight in a thousand hues, realising Goldsmith’s beautiful illustration—

‘Though round its base the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.’”

The charms of the lakes have been spoken or sung by every visitor. Says a recent writer:—

“What pencil can give an adequate idea of the super-eminent beauties of the mountain and rocky scenery of Glenna and Cromaglan—can express the transient and fleeting effect of the clouds upon them, or their transparent reflections in the waters beneath? What pencil can imitate the various tints of the numerous lichens, shrubs, and plants, that deck the rocky boundaries of these lakes, or give a faithful representation of the fantastic forms these rocks assume? In the name of my brother artists, I will answer, NONE. The powers of the pen will fail equally in description; for when I say that the mountains of Toomies, Glenna, and Torc are finely wooded down to the water’s edge; that the river abounds with every variety that rocks, trees, and water can produce; that the eagle’s nest towers up most majestically from its banks; that the surface of the Upper Lake is broken by numerous rocky islands and

boldly indented shores; that it is backed by an almost endless range of the most picturesque mountains; that the rocks which bound the Lake of Muckross and the Lower Lake, have, by continued beating of the waters around, the most singular and fantastic forms, added to the most harmonious colouring, and that they are covered with arbutus, heath, and the greatest variety of plants imaginable, shall I convey an idea of this enchanting scenery? Answer, no. The collected beauties of this favoured spot are so great and varied, and *superior to everything I have yet seen, either in Italy, Switzerland, or England*, that can neither be delineated or described,—to be understood they must be seen.”

To the same effect is the language of Lady Chatterton, who exclaims:—
“A region of enchantments—a hundred descriptions of it have been written—thousands of sketches of it have been made, but no description that I have read or sketch that I have seen made me familiar with Killarney. The Upper Lake and the Lower Lake Muckross, and Innisfallen, must be seen to be understood. It is the colouring, the stream of sunshine, the cloud, the tone, the effect,—what in short cannot be conveyed with the pen without the cant of art, and is beyond the power of the pencil, that gives a magic to the scenery of Killarney.” The graphic pen of Mrs. S. C. Hall thus sketches the general effect: “The charm of the Killarney Lakes, however, does not consist in the varied graces of the foliage, the number of green or rocky islands, the singular fantastic character of the island rocks, the delicate elegance of the shores, the perpetual occurrence of bays; but in the wonderful variety produced by the combination of their attractions, which together give the scenery a character inconceivably fascinating, such as the pen and pencil are utterly incompetent to describe. The shadows from the mountains perpetually changing, produce a variety of which there can be no adequate conception, insomuch that the very same spot will produce a different aspect twenty times within a day.” “Assuredly,” she continues, “they far surpass in natural beauty ought that nature has supplied elsewhere in Great Britain; for with scarcely an exception the devoted worshippers of Lock Katrine, and the fervent admirers of the Northern English lakes, have yielded the palm to those of Killarney.”

The Upper Lake, though inferior in point of size to either the Middle or Lower Lake, many persons think deserves the preference in point of scenery. The Upper, which drains a very large district, is principally supplied by the Galway River, forming, near its entrance to the lake, the celebrated Cascade of Derrycunib. The river, flowing through the valley of Com a dhur, likewise supplies a vast volume of water, which passes through the Long

Range into the Middle and Lower Lakes, where it is further augmented by numerous mountain streams, and also by the rivers Flesk and Dennagh. The outlet of these lakes is the river Laune, which empties itself into the sea at Dingle Bay. The Upper Lake is remarkable for the number and beauty of its islands: that to which most interest attaches is Ronayne's Island, being particularly striking.

One part of the lake is especially interesting on account of a remarkable echo. Of this it has been remarked:—

“Enchantment here appears to have resumed her reign, and those who listen are lost in amazement and delight. To enjoy the echoes to the utmost, a number of musicians should be placed on the banks of the river, about fifty yards below the face of the cliff, while the auditors, excluded from their view, seat themselves at the opposite bank, above the cliff, behind a small rocky projection. The primary notes are quite lost; while those reverberated meet the ear increased in strength, brilliancy, and sweetness; sometimes multitudes of musicians seem playing upon instruments formed for more than mortal use, concealed in the caverns, or behind the trees, in different parts of the cliff; when a light breeze favours the delusion, it seems as if they were hovering in the air; at intervals, the treble of flutes and clarionets, ‘In sweet vibrations thrilling o’er the skies,’ are alone heard; and then, again, after a short suspension,

‘The clanging horns swell their sweet winding notes,
And load the trembling air with various melody.’

Whilst every auditor still remains in breathless admiration, it is usual to discharge a cannon from the promontory opposite the cliff, which never fails to startle and to stun the ear, ill-prepared, as it must be, for the shock, after dwelling upon the sweet melody which has preceded it. The report produces a discordant crash, as if the whole pile of rocks were rent asunder, and the succeeding echoes resemble a tremendous peal of thunder. Twelve reverberations, and sometimes more, may be distinctly counted; and, what appears extraordinary, after the sound has been totally lost, it occasionally revives, becomes louder and louder for a few seconds, and then again dies away.” There are several profound lakes in the valley whose dark waters, still and deep, have the effect necessarily of enhancing the wild and romantic aspect of the scenery.

KILLARNEY; THE LOWER LAKE.

“Land of strange contrasts! Nature’s fairest home,
And dreariest place of exile! This bright spot
Is blest with beauty, such as Mermaids’ grot,
Or Dryads’ haunts in legends of old Rome;
Or more poetic Greece, invested not
Italian co’ours in the airs that come
Fresh from the free Atlantic, bathe the tops
Of purple mountains, as the heat-cloud drops.”

A WHOLE day at least should be devoted to visiting the Lower Lake, which abounds in many points of interest. Mr. and Mrs. Hall, in their “Week at Killarney,” quote the following from Sir David Wilkie:—“I have more than once expressed my opinion that the County of Kerry, so nobly indented with the bays of the Atlantic Ocean, and possessing a climate so favourable for vegetation, along with its mountains and inland waters, might without impropriety be pronounced in point of scenery *the finest portion of the British Island.*” When he visited the lakes in 1835, he said, that for beauty and grandeur he had never seen them surpassed.

A century ago Arthur Young, the celebrated traveller, summed up his impressions of Killarney thus:—“Upon the whole Killarney among the lakes that I have seen, can scarcely be said to have a rival: the extent of water in Lough Erne is much greater, the islands more numerous, and some scenes near Castle Caldwell of as great magnificence; the rocks at Keswich are more sublime, and other lakes may have mountains in which they are superior, but when we consider the prodigious woods of Killarney, the immensity of the mountains, the wondrous beauty of the promontory, Muckorss, and the Isle of Innisfallen, the character of the islands, the singular circumstance of the arbutus, and the numerous echoes, it will appear upon the whole to be in reality superior to all comparison.”

Mr. Inglis, who was no enthusiast, institutes a comparison between the English lakes and those of Killarney. After a particular description of the mountain scenery, he proceeds:—“Although the lakes of Killarney are three in number, yet they are all contained in one mountain hollow, and certainly there is not within the same compass anything in England presenting the same concentration of charms. There is infinitely greater variety at Killarney. In form and in the outline of its mountain boundaries, the Lower Lake of



Lower Lake of Killarney & Ross Castle

Killarney is decidedly superior to Windermere; and although the head of Ulleswater presents a bolder outline than is anywhere to be found in Killarney, yet it is upon this outline alone that the reputation of Ulleswater depends. Elsewhere than at Pattedale the lake scenery is tame, and the same may be said of Windermere, which towards its lower extremity is almost devoid of attraction. On the contrary, throughout the whole chain of lakes there is variety at Killarney: tameness is nowhere to be found; and I cannot think that the somewhat nearer approach to sublimity which is found at the head of the Ulleswater, can weigh in the balance against the far greater variety in the picturesque and the beautiful which Killarney affords. It would be unfair to compare the Lakes of Killarney with Windermere, Keswick and Ulleswater, for these are spread over a great extent of country, whereas the lakes of Killarney are all contained within a smaller compass than Windermere. But even if such a comparison were to be admitted, Killarney would outvie the English lakes in one charm, in which they are essentially deficient—I mean the exuberance and variety of foliage which adorns both the banks and islands of the Killarney Lakes. Such islands as Ronaryner's Island, Dah Island, and Innisfallen, covered with magnificent timber and gigantic evergreens, are nowhere to be found among the English lakes. I think it will be gathered from what I have said that I award the preference to Killarney."

The mountains in which the lakes are embosomed form part of the lofty range which occupied nearly the whole of the peninsula formed by the deeply penetrating of Dingle and Kenmare. "Among these are M'Gillacaddy's Keeks,—namely, Carran Saul and Caher, the highest in Ireland, the former being 3,414 feet and the latter 3,200 feet above the level of the sea; and Mangerton, which is 2,756 feet: on this there is a small lake called the "Devil's Punch Bowl," 2,206 feet high. The other mountains are Turk, Purple Mountain, Toomies, Eagles' Nest. The echoes of these mountains are most extraordinary. A gun fired under the Eagles' Nest will reverberate from mountain to mountain like responsive peals of thunder, and a tune played upon a bugle will be distinctly repeated till the softening notes die away in the distance, as if prolonged by aerial voices. The vast tracts of indigenous wood, among which the *arbutus*, peculiar to this region, flourishes with remarkable luxuriance, serve as cover for wild deer; and when the hounds are in pursuit of these the clamour of echoes they awaken is most exciting."

KILLARNEY; THE TURK WATERFALL.

“On Carran Taul’s throne, while greenest hues,
Such as woo’d Claude Lorraine in midnight dreams,
Children of sunbeams and of crystal dews,
And crags, and coves, and countless gushing streams,
Winding through fern, and heath, and odorous copse,
With glorious show the raptured soul confuse.”

THIS magnificent Cascade is one of the favourite places of resort with all frequent visitors, and a lion to be shown to strangers. The following account of Lady Kenmare’s visit will not be without interest: it occurs in Moore’s Memoirs:—

“Driven down to Ross Island, and embarked on the Lake at eleven. Lady Kenmare’s first time of being on her own lakes, having been but ten days here, and reserving her *début* (as she says) for my coming. Landed on Innisfallen, and enjoyed thoroughly its loveliness. Never was anything more beautiful. Went afterwards to Sullivan’s Cascade, which was in high beauty. Curious effect of a child on high, crossing the glen; seemed as if it was flitting across the waterfall. The peasants that live on the opposite bank come over with fruit when strangers appear; and their appearance, with their infants, stepping from rock to rock, across the cascade, highly picturesque. Instance of the hospitality of the poor cotters, that it is the practice of many of their families to lay by, each individual every day, one potato and a sup of milk for a stranger that may come. Intended riots at fairs (from the spirit of sepi ships) have been frequently put a stop to by orders from Captain Rock. Sung a little in the evening. Made an attempt to see the Upper Lake, and, in spite of the weather, was enchanted with the echo at the Eagle’s Nest, and the view from Dinis [Dinas or Dinish] of the old Weir Bridge on one side, and the plank bridge over the entrance into Turk Lake on the other. This river between the lakes, delicious. On reaching the Upper Lake, could see nothing from the shroud of mist and rain that there was over everything. Lunched at Hyde’s Cottage, and returned by Turk Lake, and paid another visit to Innisfallen. A beautiful day at last. Went with Lord Kenmare to see the Upper Lake. The whole scene exquisite. Loveliness is the word that suits it best. The grand is less grand than what may be found among the Alps, but the softness, the luxuriance, the variety of colouring, the little



Falls of Waterfalls

W. H. W. W.

gardens that every small rock exhibits, the romantic disposition of the islands, and graceful sweep of the shores—all this is unequalled anywhere else. The water-lilies in the river, both white and yellow, such worthy inhabitants of such a region."

Among these mountains wind the three lakes, studded with no less than forty-two islands, all of them covered with the most beautiful and luxuriant woods, while four cascades add to the charms of the scenery. There was great destruction of timber in this region sixty years ago, but Killarney still presents the largest extent of natural forest now remaining in Ireland. For many minds these vast primeval woods have a most refreshing charm, and it is gratifying to find they are now carefully preserved by the Earl of Kenmare, Mr. Herbert, and other proprietors, who have added to them by fresh plantations of oak and fir.

Ross Castle, which is on Lord Kenmare's demesne, is famous in Irish history; and far more celebrated is the island of Innisfallen, in extent about twenty-one acres, and containing the ruins of an Abbey founded in the year 600. There the "Annals of Innisfallen" were composed, and preserved in the Abbey, as amongst the most prized of the early historical memorials of Ireland. The original, the first portion of which is written over 600 years, is now preserved in the Bodleian Library. "From the paths which meander along the diversified outlines of this interesting island," remarks Mr. Frayer in his valuable 'Handbook,' the most lovely and ever-changing views are obtained, by the varied surface and the alternation of the forest glades and thickets, of the Lower Lake, its magnificent shores and surrounding mountains. From its situation, variety, beauty of surface, its magnificent tingle trees and shrubs, this is one of the most interesting of the numerous objects which this region of wonder and beauty affords; it is the most delightful of islands, and, like Ross, forms an adjunct to the demesne of the noble proprietor.

"It is a glorious thing to ascend one of Mr. Gillicaddy's Reeks of Ma gerton. Never shall we forget the sensation we felt when, after climbing the mountain heights under a melting sun, and then piercing a cloud that hid it from view, we reached the summit and emerged into sunlight again, looking far down upon the heavenward side of the same cloud which cast its shadows upon the lakes, but shone towards us in most gorgeous colours. After a while the magnificent panorama was dispersed like a dissolving view revealing an unrivalled prospect."

THE COVE OF CORK.

“ With deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon Bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

“ On this I ponder
Where’e I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.”

CORK is a maritime county, and its coast line, deeply indented by the sea, has some of the finest bays and harbours in the world.

“ The excellence of its harbour, situated about eleven miles below the city, where the Lee discharges itself into a spacious land-locked basin, capable of containing the whole British navy, has been the main cause of the commercial prosperity of Cork. During war, Cork harbour is a great naval station and the place of rendezvous for most of the outward-bound convoys. Naval arsenals and stores, which have now become nearly useless, have been abandoned by the government, though in the best state of preservation, were fitted up on its smaller islands. The communication by water between the port and the city has been much improved by the Board of Harbour Commissioners established under an act of parliament. About thirty or thirty-five years ago, a vessel of 140 tons could not come up to the quays at Cork without leaving half her cargo at Blackrock, nearly four miles below the city. But it was stated in evidence given before the Commissioners on Tidal Harbours (2nd report, p. 108), that by means of the successful employment of dredging machines, vessels of 600 tons were now able to come up to the quays without being lightened, and that the voyage from passage to the city, which formerly could not be made in less than two or three tides, was now made in one. The buildings connected with commercial transactions are, the Custom House, the Commercial Buildings, the Chamber of Commerce, all neat and convenient edifices.”



The House of Lords

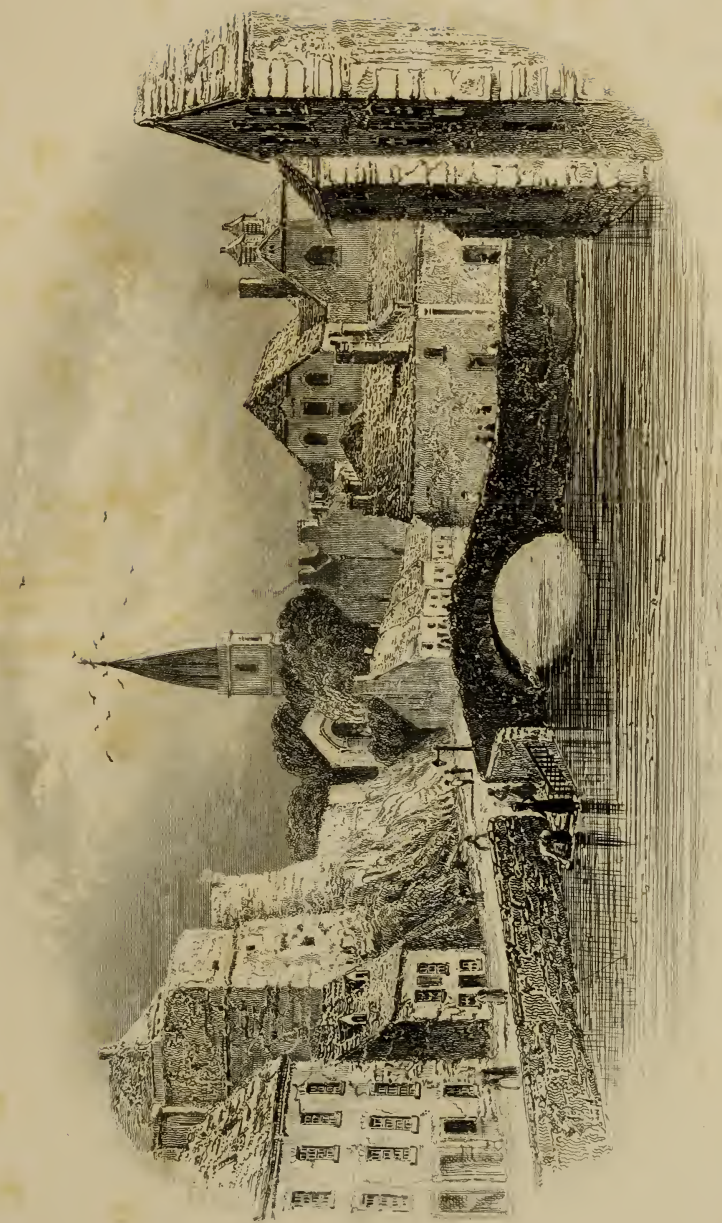
Cork is the second city of Ireland in respect of population and commercial importance, and forms a county in itself, having a local jurisdiction separate from that of County of Cork, by which it is surrounded. The city extends over 48,006 acres, of which 2,683 are comprised within its municipal boundaries. The city lies within the vale of the river Lee, and is surrounded by hills of considerable elevation, which render the climate misty but not unhealthy. It owes its origin to a religious establishment founded at a remote period. Previous to the arrival of the English, it was inhabited by a colony of Danes, and then, and for a long time after, consisted of a single street in an island formed by the river. Even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, it is described as "a little trading town of much resort," but consisting of a single street. After the Revolution it began to improve, and at length, chiefly in consequence of its vicinity to Cork harbour, a principal place of rendezvous for the channel fleet during wars with France, and its being a great mart for the supply of the fleets and colonies with provisions, it rose rapidly to its present state of wealth and importance.

The appearance and habits of the citizens of Cork are exclusively mercantile. The attempts that have been made to elevate the city in the scale of literature and science, have not had that success which their more sanguine promoters anticipated; though they have probably succeeded better than a careless observer might suppose. Some rather distinguished persons have been natives of Cork, among whom may be specified Arthur O'Leary, O'Keefe, Barry the artist, Maclise the artist, and Sheridan Knowles. The newer part of the city indicates an increasing state of prosperity; in it are the town residences of the wealthy merchants: while the adjoining country for several miles round is studded with their villas and country seats. But on the other hand, several extensive districts of the suburbs evince the existence of comparative destitution; lines of cabins being built and peopled like those in the surrounding rural villages. But improvement is, notwithstanding, said to be advancing even in those quarters in which there is the greatest poverty, and where old habits and prejudices are sure to linger longest. The food of the working classes consists chiefly of potatoes, which is all but equivalent to saying that their wages are low, and their condition alike degrading and precarious. Several remains of antiquities, chiefly monastic, are to be traced; as are considerable remains of the ancient walls, some parts of which are in a perfect state. Coins struck at the royal mint in the time of Edward I. have been occasionally found.

CORK.

“ Here you may see
New houses proudly eminent o'er old,
Confused and interspersed—the old are clad
In sober slate—the new are gay with brick,
Like new red buttons on an old blue coat.”

THE City of Cork is intersected by the river Lee, which is spanned by several bridges. The houses for the most part are faced with red brick or cement, and some are fronted with wreathed slating, which gives them a sombre appearance, and oddly contrasts with the red and white of their neighbours. It is this incongruity, together with the fact that scarcely any of the houses are of the same height, size or plan, which has suggested the quizzical lines quoted above. St. Patrick's Street, the Grand Parade, the S. Mall, Great George Street, St. Patrick's Hill, and perhaps one or two other streets; the quays, the Glanmire Road, South Terrace, Warren Place, and Lapps Island, are inhabited by persons of wealth and respectability, or occupied by warehouses: but many of the streets, and nearly all the lanes branching off from the main streets and places, are occupied by numerous families of the lower order, and many apparently in the lowest state of destitution. The suburbs towards the south, and parts of those towards the north and north-west, are occupied by persons bordering on pauperism. The principal streets and quarters of the city and suburbs are well paved and lighted, but the lanes and narrow brick streets are generally neglected. The part of the county within the city and suburbs is divided into six parishes, the rural part into four; besides eight parts of parishes, the remainders of which are in the county at large. The parishes within the city and suburbs are St. Finbair's, the church of which is the cathedral; the holy Trinity or Christ's Church; St. Peter's; St. Mary's, Shandon; St. Anne's, Shandon; and St. Paul's and St. Nicholas'. There is also a free church; and a chapel for seamen has been opened in a hulk in the river. These parishes are combined in the Roman Catholic arrangements into three unions or parishes, each having a large chapel, one of which is considered the cathedral; there are also several chapels of ease. The monastic establishments of the Augustines, Franciscans, Dominicans, Capuchins (a splendid structure), and two of Nuns of the Presentation have their respective chapels; to the latter are attached schools, in which hundreds



View of Cathedral St. Peter, Cork, from South Gate Harbor

of female children receive a religious and useful education. There are two places of worship for Presbyterians, three for Methodists, and one each for Quakers, Independents, and Baptists.

One of the new Queen's Colleges established in this city was opened in 1849. It is a fine building, at Gill Albey, west of the Bishop's Palace on the south branch of the Lee. But chief among all points of interest for the lover of the picturesque and the poetical is Shandon steeple, of the bells of which Father Prout has so sweetly—whimsically—sung :—

"I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate ;
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine.

"For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

"I've heard bells tolling
Old 'Adrian's Mole' in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame ;

"But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber
Pealing solemnly.
Oh ! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

"There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O !
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets,
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

"Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee."

GLENGARIFF.

“As crystal its waters are pure,
Each morning they blush like a bride;
And when evening comes grey and demure,
With the softness of silver they glide.

“Of salmon and grey speckled trout
I holds such a plentiful store,
That thousands are forced to leap out,
By the multitude jostled on shore.”

THE town and bay of Bantry, with its surrounding scenery, never fails to attract the attention of all lovers of the picturesque. “Between Bantry and Glengariff (on the opposite side of the bay) there is a fine mountain road, sweeping through many superb scenes; and though Glengariff can also be reached by boat across the bay (seven miles), the overland route is generally preferred. Glengariff lies at the head of the narrow arm of the sea, running in at the northern head of the bay, marked in the maps as Glengariff Harbour. The road round from Bantry lies along a range of hills which spring from the bay and unite with the northern mountain-ranges, the whole route offering an ever-changing panorama. North-west of Bantry is the mountain of the Priest’s Leap, in connexion with which there are endless legends to be told.

Glengariff, or the Rocky Glen, as it is called, has been finely described by Mrs. Hall. She says:—“Language fails to convey an idea of the beauty of Glengariff, which merits to the full the enthusiastic praise lavished upon it by every traveller. It is a deep Alpine valley, enclosed by precipitous hills, about three miles in length, and seldom exceeding a quarter of a mile in breadth. Black and savage rocks embosom as it where a scene of surpassing comeliness—endowed by nature with the richest gifts of wood and water; for the trees are graceful in form, luxuriant in foliage, and varied in character; and the rippling stream, and the strong river, and the foaming cataract, are supplied from a thousand rills collected in the mountains.

Beyond all, is the magnificent Bay, with its numerous islands,—by one of which it is so guarded and sheltered as to present the aspect of a serene lake. Wandering through the glen, the song of birds is either hushed or unheard; and but for the ripple and roar of water, there is no sound to disturb a solitude perfect and profound.” It is of this ravishing spot that the cynic



Glenquarrie, Co. Cork.

Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh, throwing aside for once his captiousness, exclaims, "Were such a bay lying along English shores, it would be a world's wonder; perhaps if it were on the Mediterranean, or the Baltic, English travellers would flock to it in hundreds. Why not come and see it in Ireland? It is less than a day's journey from London, and lies in a country far more strange to most travellers than France or Germany can be.

"The view is very pretty at Glengariff; some thorn-trees stand before it, where many bare-legged people were lolling in spite of the weather. A beautiful bay stretches out before the house, the full tide washing the thorn trees; mountains rise on either side of the little bay, and there is an island with a castle in it, in the midst, near which a yacht was moored. But the mountains were hardly visible for the mist; and the yacht, island and castle looked as if they had been washed against the flat gray sky in Indian-ink.

"The day did not clear up sufficiently to allow me to make any very long excursion about the place, or indeed to see a very wide prospect round about it: at a few hundred yards most of the objects were enveloped in mist; but even this for a lover of the picturesque had its beautiful effect, for you saw the hills in the foreground pretty clear, and covered with their wonderful green, while immediately behing them rose an immense blue mass of mist and mountain, that served to *relieve* (to use the painter's term) the nearer the objects. Annexed o the hotel is a flourishing garden, where the vegetation is so great that the landlord told me that it was all he could do to check the trees from growing: round about the bay, in several places, they come clustering down to the water's edge, nor does the salt water interfere with them.

"Winding up a hill to the right, as you quit the inn, is a beautiful road, to the cottage and park of Lord Bantry. One or two parties, on pleasure bent went so far as the house, and were partially consoled for the dreadful rain which presently poured down upon them, by wine, whiskey, and refreshments, which the liberal owner of the house sent out to them. I myself had only got a few hundred yards when the rain overtook me, and sent me for refuge into a shed, where a blacksmith had erected a rude furnace and bellows, and where he was at work with a rough gilly to help him, and of course a lounge or two to look on. The scene was exceedingly wild and picturesque, and I took out a sketch-book, and began to draw. The blacksmith was at first very suspicious of the operation which I had commenced, nor did the poor fellow's sternness at all yield until I made him a present of a shilling."

LIMERICK.

Then let the toast be freely quaffed,
In water (cool and brimming—
All honor to this good old town,
Its merry men and women).

LIMERICK is principally situated on the South-east side of the Shannon river, within the County of Limerick, but partly also on its North side within the County of Clare. It is the fourth city of Ireland in size and importance. It owes this distinction to its situation at the head of the estuary of the Shannon, which has made it the emporium of the extensive and fertile districts watered by that great river. It is divided into:—1. The English Town, now the oldest and most decayed portion, on King's Island, formed by a detached arm of the Shannon; 2. Irishtown, south of the above; and 3. The New Town to the west of the latter, called Newton Perry, from Perry the family name of the Earl of Limerick, on whose estate it is built. Popularly the first two divisions are called the Old, and the latter the New Town. The country part of the City of the County, including Shannon Bridge, on the west side of the river, and many other extensive lines of cottages, is called the Liberties. The contrast between the different parts of the City is very striking. The Old Town is said, in the Municipal Boundary Report, to be "one vast mass of filth, dilapidation and misery, which nothing but the general employment of the people throughout the country can correct, because the unemployed poor are attached to the large crumbling city, where they can find, at a cheap rate, something like a roof to cover them." The New Town, on the other hand, which has been wholly constructed within the last half century, is but little inferior to the best parts of Liverpool. It is well built, and the streets, which are broad and straight, cross each other at right angles. It has a handsome square, in which is a column, surmounted by a statue of Mr. Spring Rice, now Lord Monteagle, to whom the city is much indebted. The houses in the Liberties are mostly mere cabins, occupied by a very poor agricultural population. The main arm of the Shannon is crossed by two bridges, one of which Thomond Bridge, originally constructed in the early part of the 13th century, was lately rebuilt; the other, or Wellesley, of five arches, each seventy feet in span, a very handsome structure, was completed in 1827. There are three bridges over the smaller arm of the Shannon, between English-town and Irish-town.



Custom House, Liverpool.



The city and indeed the whole kingdom has derived great advantages from the improvements made in the navigation of the Shannon, and the streams introduced on that river; and it will derive still further advantages from the improvements that are projected in respect to it. The estuary of the Shannon forms one the finest bays in world: vessels of very large burden approach within a few miles of the city, and ships of 400 or 500 tons unload at its quays.

The port is managed by commissioners. In connection with the trade of the port, may be mentioned the commercial buildings, erected in 1836, by a company of shareholders, with apartments for the Chamber of Commerce, a library, &c.; the Custom-house and the Exchange. There belonged to Limerick on the 1st of January, 1850, 105 vessels, of the aggregate burden of 13,829 tons.

There can be no doubt that the trade, wealth, and population of Limerick are rapidly increasing, but at the same time there is a vast deal of misery in it; and we regret to have to state that a large proportion of the lower classes, especially in the Old Town, were exposed, previously to the introduction of the compulsory provision for the support of the poor, to extreme and almost incredible privation. And this state of things, though in some degree amended, is still very prevalent. That so much squalid poverty and abject misery should exist along with so much wealth and comfort, is a painful and mortifying anomaly.

Limerick was formerly fortified, and from its commanding the first bridge alone the embouchure of the Shannon, was an important military station. It was occupied after the battle of Aghrim, by the troops of James II.; it capitulated to the English army under Ginkell, afterwards Earl of Athlone, on the 3rd of October, 1691. The capitulation, or as it has been usually called, the treaty of Limerick, was very favourable to the besieged, and indeed to the Irish nation, or, at all events to the Catholics. But it was afterwards most shamefully violated by the conquering party, and its most important stipulations were openly set aside and trampled upon. The remains of its fortifications add considerable beauty and interest to the ancient city. "King John's Castle," from which the city arms are taken, forms part of the Castle Barracks, and the stone upon which the capitulation was signed is still in existence, and is regarded with watchful care by the citizens.

ARDGILLAN CASTLE.

"Remember the stories of Brian the brave,
Though the days of the hero are o'er ;
Though lost to Momonia, and cold in his grave,
He returns to Kinkora no more.
The star of the field, which so often hath poured
Its beams on the battle, is set,
But enough of its glory remains on each sword
To light us to victory yet."

ARDGILLAN CASTLE is a noble structure on the road from Dublin to Drogheda. The public spirited and generous proprietor of this splendid mansion permitted the railway company to carry their line through a section of his demesne, thus enabling them to effect a vast saving in time, trouble and expense.

The Dublin and Drogheda railway passes through some of the most interesting scenery in Ireland—Clontarf, the Marathon of Ireland, the scene of a victory dimmed only by the death of the famous leader Brian Boru, and Swords—where the brave captain sleeps. The battle of Clontarf was fought between the Danes and the Irish. It took place on Good Friday, August 23rd, 1014. The venerable hero having arranged the order of battle, passed from rank to rank—"thawing cold fear" by his presence, and by his animating words. He called upon his followers to avenge the sacriligious violations committed by the Danes. In his right hand he waved his sword, and in his left displayed a bloody crucifix. "Was it not on this day," he cried, "Christ suffered death for you!" The battle raged from sunrise to sunset. The Danes, notwithstanding their superior force, were driven with immense slaughter from the field. During the rout and carnage of the retreat, Bruadair, the Danish admiral, chanced to pass by Brian's tent, where he was kneeling with hands uplifted, engaged in prayer. The Dane rushed upon him and put him to death, and then, flourishing the blade, still warm with the heart's blood of his victim, he exclaimed, "Let it be proclaimed from man to man that Brian has fallen by the hand of Bruadair!" The assassin was seized, and expiated his ruthless deed by a death of lingering torture.

From the prevalent practice of single combat among chiefs in those ages an immense number of the leaders on both sides fell in that memorable battle, the most glorious in the annals of Ireland. The number killed on the Irish



Amphiprion

Amphiprion

side is uncertain ; the loss of the Danes was estimated at more than 6000, while few of the chiefs returned to tell the story of that bloody field.

On the following day the remains of the monarch were conveyed by the monks of St. Columba to their monastery at Swords, thence to the monastery of St. Ciaran, at Duleek, and thence to Louth, where the Bishop of Armagh awaited the royal remains, and had them borne for interment to Armagh, in the cathedral of which city they were deposited with great and protracted religious solemnities.

In the meantime the wounded were conveyed from Clontarf to the camp at Kilmainham, whither the Dalcassians had returned from their predatory excursion with immense booty. The remains of the army soon proceeded homeward, marching slowly with their wounded brethren into Munster. They were stopped in Ossory by M'Gilla-Patrick, prince of that country, who demanded, as a condition of their passage, submission to his authority. "Hostages," said that chief, "or battle!" But Donchad, the son of Brian, replied, "Let it then be battle, for never was it yet heard of that a prince of the race of Brian had given hostages to a M'Gilla-Patrick." Preparing then for battle, he ordered some of his bravest men to protect the sick and wounded. But the sick and wounded disdained protection in such a case. "Let stakes," they cried, "be fixed in the ground, and to each of these let one of us be tied, holding our swords in our hands." This was actually done, and the affecting sight of these pale and wounded warriors determined on death softened the hearts of the men of Ossory, who marched off, and let Brian's heroic army pass unmolested.

MALAHIDE.

“The hand that tossed yon hills on high,
And gently spread this living green,
Called up our thoughts and formed our eye:
Father, in all Thy hand is seen.”

THIS is a little straggling fishing village, fronting the North Sea on the inlet or bay of Malahide, nine miles north of Dublin, having on one side Lambay Island, and on the other Ireland's Eye and the noble Hill of Howth. It includes many neat cottages for visitors; with some handsome villas, occupying a secluded position; and is connected with Dublin and Drogheda by the railway that here crosses the inlet by a wooden viaduct or embankment. The shores are flat from Malahide to the little estuary of Portmarnock. The strand abounds with marine shells and sea-weed. The chief attraction of the neighbourhood is Malahide Castle, a great, magnificent, but not very harmoniously constructed pile, the seat of the Talbot family. It is built upon a limestone rock. The locality, it may be observed, has been greatly improved of late, and several rows of handsome houses have been built. The terrace erected by Mr. James Fugan has been much admired, a spacious hotel with well laid out pleasure grounds has been established, and the village seems fast growing into repute as a watering place.

The inlets of the Irish Sea present many striking and beautiful bits of scenery, such as attract the notice of the mere ordinary visitor, and possess an indescribable charm for the lover of the picturesque. Malahide is one of these favoured spots. Of old it was a place of considerable importance both as a maritime and manufacturing locality, but privileges subsequently granted to Dublin diverted its trade and reduced it to little better than a fishing village. Cotton manufactures were introduced, and grants freely made by the Irish Parliament, but no success attended the experiment; the same ill fortune attending the construction of a canal, to convey the imports to surrounding districts. Malahide seemed to be doomed to obscurity, and but for its charming scenery must long ago have been entirely neglected.





The Virgins Well is one of the "sights" of Malahide; the water flows copiously, and may challenge in excellence the holy Wells of Cambria.

"Fount of the chapel with eyes grey!
Thou art springing freshly amidst decay;
Thy rites are closed, and thy cross lies low,
And no changeful vows breathe o'er thee now;
Yet if at thine altar one holy thought
In man's deep spirit of old hath wrought;
If peace to the mourner hath been given,
Or prayer, from a chastened heart, to Heaven,
Be the spot still hallowed while Time shall reign,
Who hath made thee Nature's own again!"

In the neighbourhood of Malahide is the time-honoured locality of Swords. It is "a little town pleasantly situated on the bank of a small stream which runs into the Lissen Hall river, abounding in famous trout. Few places in Ireland claim a more remote antiquity. It owes its origin to a monastery founded by St. Columb. Here the remains of "Brien the Brave" were conveyed with all honour after the battle of Clontarf, with those of his chivalrous son Murrough, and thence to Armagh. Here is a lofty and unique round tower, in fine preservation, and the bell-tower of the old abbey, the former 73 feet in height, 52 feet in circumference at the base, and its walls 4 feet in thickness; the structure differing from all others in Ireland in being surmounted by a small cross, which, however, is supposed, and with good reason, to have been placed long subsequently to the erection of the building; because, independently of authorities which assign to those towers a pagan origin, it is well known that in the earlier Christian era in Ireland, crosses, though plentifully diffused in the interior of religious edifices, over walls, &c., were never erected on the summits of church towers, such practice not having been adopted until much later. Here, also, are the extensive ruins of the archbishop's palace, once a fortified building; together with the remains of a priory and convent of nuns, one of the earliest institutions of the Presentation order in these countries. So that even from this brief enumeration it will be seen that Swords superabounds in archæological and ecclesiastical attractiveness."

THE CASTLE OF MALAHIDE.

“The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust;
Their souls are with the saints—we trust!”

THE Castle of Malahide stands, as already stated, upon a high limestone rock, and presents a very imposing sight to the visitor. Its circular towers and massive square fortress are thoroughly feudal in their aspect. “It is superfluous to say,” says a recent writer, “that the name of Talbot figures prominently in the history of these kingdoms, from the time of Henry II. downwards. The manor lands and castles of Malahide were granted by that monarch in the year 1174 to his friend and favourite, Richard Talbot, whose cognizance and armorial crest of a talbot or mastiff *vigilant* was well upheld by the valorous grantee and his descendants, many of whom proved themselves possessors of the same heroic blood that flowed in the veins of their English relative, John, “thrice renowned Talbot,” of Shaksperian and historic immortality. Malahide Castle, as improved, indeed altogether remodelled, by the father of the present lord, presents an aspect in the highest degree stately and noble, and such as would, perhaps, look out of place almost anywhere but amidst such scenes as surround it. It is square and castellated, with circular towers flanking the corners. The grand entrance consists of a noble gothic porch, erected by the present lord. The moat has been drained, but, like that at the Tower of London, not filled up. The declivities of the *fosse* now constitute steep banks of greenest verdure, planted with rare shrubs that love the shelter. The grounds are laid out in consummate taste, and the noble park is studded with picturesque groups of lordly forest trees. The interior presents features of much magnificence. The great hall is one of the noblest things of its kind in the United Kingdom, roofed with grained oak paneling of vast age; but the inner hall, still more splendid, is roofed and wainscotted with oak, carved with elaborate devices, each panel representing incidents from Scripture. The chimney-piece is a fine specimen of Gothic decoration, the figures of the Virgin and child being admired in a pre-eminent degree. The other apartments are decorated in corresponding style, the galleries containing many rare paintings by the best masters. Amongst the portraits are Charles the First and his Queen Henrietta, by Vandyk; James the Second and his



Woolshed, New Zealand



Queen, by Lely; Queen Anne, the celebrated Duchess of Portsmouth, Richard Talbot (Earl of Tyrconnell and Viceroy of Ireland, in the reign of James II.), and several other members of the Talbot family. There is here a small altarpiece, representing the three events of the Nativity, Adoration of the Kings, and the Crucifixion, by Albert Durer, supposed to have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots, said to have been purchased by Charles II. for £2,000, and presented by him to his mistress, the frail duchess aforesaid, by whom it was given to a female ancestor of the present Lord Talbot. Near the castle may be seen the ruins of an ancient church, wherein the Talbots of many generations lie buried."

We may add, that in this Church is an altar tomb, with the figure of a female, reminding us of a story that illustrates life's startling vicissitudes. The lady in question was in one day—"maid, wife, and widow." She was the daughter of Lord Plunkett, and on the day of her marriage to Lord Gudtrim, the latter was called away to fight a marauding party, but returned at evening upon a bier borne by the soldiery.

Crossing Malahide estuary, on a strong embankment of about eight feet high over the ordinary spring tides, the line of the rail traverses a wooden viaduct of eleven arches of fifty feet wide each, beneath which the sea flows up to Lissen Hall Bridge, two miles, where it meets the Swords river, the banks of which are completely dry at low water. It would require comparatively small capital to reclaim these wastes, and transform the marsh into profitable territory.

BALBRIGGAN.

“ Father, Thy guiding hand we see,
The hand which dug the channels deep
Of all thy waves, thou mighty sea,
And bade thy tides their courses keep.”

BALBRIGGAN is a sea-port and market town in the barony of Balrothery, fifteen miles north-east of Dublin. It is a favourite resort during the bathing season. The cotton manufacture has been carried on there to some extent for the last forty odd years, but the fishery is of more importance than the manufactures. The town possesses a noble harbour, and has a splendid pier. The aspect of the place will be best understood by reference to the engraving—the deep blue waters, the “ silver sails,” catching the sunbeams, and glistening like so many islands of jewels,—what engraving can picture this, what words reproduce the effect which they produce on the spectator. Balbriggan is beyond doubt one of the fairest spots on the Irish coast, and deserves even a far greater popularity than it has yet obtained.

The historical associations of Balbriggan are of no great importance, but they are not without interest. We ascertain that more than five hundred years ago there was a terrible battle on Whitsuntide, and much blood shed. An Englishman had been elevated to the palatinate of the county, and the offended pride of the Celts showed itself plainly. The Lord of Malahide led out his men, and there was a general fight. The language which has been employed to describe a similar scene may be appropriately applied to this:—

“ But as they left the dark'ning heath,
More desperate grew the strife of death.
The English shafts in volleys hailed,
In headlong charge their horse assailed:
Front, flank, and rear the squadrons sweep
To break the circle deep:
They fought around their king.
But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
Though bill-men plie the ghastly blow,
Unbroken was the ring:



St. Michael's Mount
St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall, England

The stubborn spearmen still made good
Their dark, impenetrable wood,
Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.
No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well,
Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.
Their skilful leader's sage commands,
Led back from strife his shattered bands,
And from the charge they drew,
As mountain waves, from wasted lands,
Sweep back to ocean blue.
Then did their loss his foemen know,
Their valiant and their mightiest low,
They melted from the fields as snow,
When streams are swollen and south winds blow,
Dissolve in silent dew.
The echoes heard the ceaseless splash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain their native land.
To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red battle's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail."

The battle ended in the defeat of the English, sixty being left dead on the field.

After the battle of the Boyne, to which reference will be found on another page, King William encamped at Balbriggan.

BETTYSTOUN STRAND.

“ And village statesmen talked with looks profound,
While news much older than their ale went round.”

BETTYSTOUN STRAND commands one of the noblest sea views on the part of the Irish Coast in which it is situated ; it is not the most attractive place for those who seek all the luxuries of town life—such as the leading watering-places can furnish, but a charming place for quiet retirement—where one may freely mingle with the fishermen, and enjoy the ever charming scene of sea and sky. It is a capital bathing place, and as such bears of high repute. To the left of Bettystoun is the small hamlet of Culpe ; and here it is said St. Patrick landed when proceeding to the palace of the King of Tara. We are thus thrown back into the early times of Irish history, and our Engraving will show not only where St. Peter landed, but where Culpe the son of Milesius lies buried. St. Patrick is said to have made his visit to Tara on the great Baultime festival, held on the 1st of May, and was eminently successful in the impression he made on those whom he addressed. He did not attempt suddenly to eradicate the idolatrous faith which he sought to overthrow, and as Moore remarked—“ Had any attempt been made to assail or rudely alter the ancient ceremonies and symbols of their faith, all that prejudice in favour of old institutions so inherent in the nation would at once have rallied around their primitive creed, and the result would, of course, have been wholly different. But the same policy by which Christianity did not disdain to win her way in more polished countries was adopted by the first missionaries in Ireland, and the outward forms of pagan error became the vehicles through which new and vital truths were conveyed. The days devoted from old times to pagan festivals were now transferred to the service of the Christian cause. The feast of Sam-hin, which had been held annually at the time of the vernal equinox, was found opportunely to coincide with the celebration of Easter ; and the fires lighted by the pagan Irish to welcome the summer solstice were continued afterwards, and even down to the present day, in honour of the eve of St. John's. At every step, indeed, the transition to the new faith was smoothed by such coincidences or adaptations. The convert saw, in the baptismal font where he was immersed, the sacred well at which his fathers had worshipped. The Druidical stone on the high places bore, rudely engraved upon it, the name of the Redeemer. . . . With the same view the sacred grove was anew con-



*View of the
Coast of the
Island of St. John*

secrated to religion ; and the word *dair* or oak, so often combined with the names of churches in Ireland, sufficiently marks the favourite haunts of the idolatry which they superseded. In some instances the accustomed objects of former worship were associated even more intimately with the new faith, and the order of *Druidesses*, as well as the idolatry which they practised, seemed to be revived, or rather continued, by the nuns of St. Briget in their inextinguishable fire and miraculous oak at Kildare."

In a comparatively short time, the work of repentance was accomplished, and Ireland rose to a lofty pinnacle in educational status of the countries of Europe. "It has given," says a French writer, "the most distinguished professors to the most famous universities of Europe, as Claudius Clements to Paris, Albuinus to Pavia, in Italy, Johannes Scotus Erigena to Oxford, in England. The English Saxons received from the Irish their characters, or letters, and with them the arts and sciences that have flourished since among these people, as Sir James Ware proves in his treatise on the Irish Writers (book i. p. 13), where may be seen an account of the celebrated academies and public schools which were maintained in Ireland during the seventh, eighth, and ninth ages, which were resorted to particularly by the Anglo-Saxons, the French, and the Ancient Britons, who were all received there with greater hospitality than in any other country of the Christian world.

GORMANSTON CASTLE.

“They fought and they built, those Templars bold,
And gathered them glory and gathered them gold;
And won mighty renown in the days of old,
Though some people say they were bought and sold,
Those Templars bold!”

MEMORY is the mind looking back, and history is the memory of the world. History is the student's telescope, which brings all distant objects near; it is the realisation of the negro wish-land, for it takes us to all places and to all times, it introduces us to all society, puts us into all sorts of new positions; we are alternately the soldier, the statesman, the conqueror, the vanquished, alternately a denizen of temperate Europe, shivering with the Laplanders, or journeying in the desert beneath the red-hot broil of a summer's noon: sometimes paying homage to a Christian hero, sometimes to a tyrannizing Czar;—there is hardly any other study so versatile, and yet so complete, so different and yet so connected,—for looking back upon the joys and sorrows, the conquests, the triumphs, the glory, the despair of ever struggling humanity, we see in them all great designs continually evolving, and the strictest unity observed.

To the mind well stored with historical records, to whom the past is no blank, but alive with all the passions and principles of man, every moment, every place has its peculiar associations,—the Meccas and Medinas of departed genius, the consecrated ground of heroism and right doing. Such an one can never travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say it is all barren, for every step of the way is prolific with bygone stories. We bustle and push our way through crowded city-street, and forget that here a martyr suffered, and there a hero bled, or that some quiet soul was working out a world-problem in yonder dingy looking house,—which problem by-and-by was solved, and turned the world up-side-down. The most memorable spots are not the most remarkable in outward shape. There is seldom any striking peculiarities in the outward aspect of the place. And they need it not. Like the men who have there wrought for the good of all, they do not strike the beholder with awe, and do not seem to bear upon their very front an impress of greatness. It is there we feel the power of the mind of man above all natural



Parliament House, London

Engraved by J. G. Thompson

objects, that little understood but wondrous power which, in the great and good, has ever developed its own catholicity.

In travelling through the romantic parts of Ireland the visitor cannot fail to be struck with the remains of ancient castles, churches, and other buildings, which speak of a condition of things widely different from that which is now to be found in the island. In some instances, however, as in that of Gormanston Castle, represented in our Engraving, though of very ancient foundation still retains its old glory. It is the seat of Viscount Gormanston, in whose family the property has been since 1357, when it was granted to Sir Robert Preston. The Castle originally belonged to the Knight's Templars. The Preston family, who received their grant from Edward III., were subsequently distinguished for their devotion to the Stuart dynasty, and the seventh Viscount in consequence of the enthusiastic support which he gave to James II., lost his title by attainder. At the legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland the title was restored. The mansion is magnificent, and the grounds extensive and beautifully arrayed.

DROGHEDA.

“The curse of Cromwell.”

THIS town was anciently called Tredagh, and since the time of Henry II. until a comparatively recent period has been regarded as a place of considerable importance. It is now, however, neither flourishing nor increasing; its manufactures have fallen off and its population is decreasing.

Drogheda is divided by the Boyne into two distinct and unequal portions, and was formerly governed by two Corporations, one on the Meath side and the other on that of Louth. These were united under Henry IV., who granted the newly formed temple a Charter, under which it is still regulated. The Churches within the town are those of St. Peter and St. Mary, the Roman Catholic Chapel of St. Peter, regarded as the Cathedral of the Archdiocese of Armagh, is a large and elegant building. There are Friaries of the Augustine, Dominican and Franciscan orders, and two or more Convents. The town is in general pretty well built, but its general appearance is unfavourable.

The most memorable event connected with Drogheda is the siege and frightful massacre under Cromwell. On Monday, the 2nd September, his army encamped under the walls of Drogheda, a town which was always of great military importance, and now garrisoned by select men, about 3000 in number, and so strong that the governor, Sir Arthur Acton, an experienced general, declared to Ormond, who was at Trim, that he need not hurry to its relief, as “the town could not be taken by assault.” When Cromwell’s batteries were all ready, a formal summons was sent to the governor demanding an immediate surrender of the castle and town. This being refused, the attack was at once commenced on the south side, at a point where the defences were most formidable, and where the men would have most protection in mounting the breach. Great annoyance was given by guns placed on the church steeple, and the first day was spent in battering this steeple down. Next day two breaches were made in the east wall, and at five o’clock in the evening 600 or 700 men, under Colonel Cossell, marched to the assault, and rushed in after a terrible struggle, but they were quickly driven back, with the loss of their leader and a considerable number of officers and men.



View of the City of Manchester from the North

Another body came to their aid, and, cheered on by Cromwell in person, they again entered and, after a fierce conflict, they made themselves masters of the church and all the entrenchments. Acton and some of his principal officers had retired to an ancient moat, called Mill Mount, which was strongly pallisaded, but it was soon taken, and all found in it were put to death. Cromwell, acting on the old maxim of English policy, "to strike terror into the Irish," ordered all that were found in arms to be put to the sword; but the ruthless soldiers must have exceeded these orders, for 2000 men were slaughtered that night in Drogheda. A party who had taken refuge in the steeple of St. Peter's Church were burned out. Others had fortified themselves in two strong towers; but they too perished. The few who were allowed to live were transported to Barbadoes. Cromwell, in a dispatch to the Parliament and his apologists, afterwards attempted to excuse this atrocity by alleging that the Roman Catholics had been very insolent to the Protestants in the town. The Lord's-day before the storm the Protestants were thrust out of the great church called St. Peter's, and they had public mass there, "and in this very place," says Cromwell, "1000 of them were put to the sword, flying thither for protection." A thousand were butchered while crowded in a church!—a horrid spectacle which seems to have wrought no compunction in the heart of the conqueror.

The terrible massacre at Drogheda had the anticipated effect, and no doubt saved the shedding of much blood elsewhere. When Cromwell approached Trim and Dundalk, Ormond's soldiers fled before him in terror, leaving all their stores and ordnance behind. The victor entered Dublin in triumph. Before he marched out he had struck off many oppressive taxes that had been laid upon the Protestants of Dublin, by which "he gained exceedingly upon the affections of the people, and divers gentlemen of Ireland voluntarily tendered their service to him, and at their own charges rid along with his lifeguard.

ST. LAWRENCE GATE, DROGHEDA.

“ Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amidst the vast creation ; why ordained
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ?
But that th' Omnipotent might sent him forth,
In sight of mortal and immortal powers—
As in a boundless theatre—to run
The great career of justice.”

SOME portions of the old defences of Drogheda still remain. St. Lawrence Gate bears ample testimony of the strength and durability of these defences ; but what could withstand the Ironsides of Cromwell ? what men or walls defy them ? After the fall of Drogheda, most of the garrison in the north surrendered without any attempt at resistance. This was the case with Newry and Listurne ; Belfast held out four days, and yielded “on conditions.” Coleraine was betrayed by Sir Charles Cootes. Not only in the north, but in all parts of Ireland, wherever he appeared triumph attended his progress. “Drogheda” was a word of terrible meaning to those who knew its fate ! Says an historian of Ireland :—“Fortress after fortress fell before him. The governor of Gowran, Colonel Hammond, returned to his summons a proud defiance ; but the soldiers, terrified with the batteries of the besiegers, mutinied, and delivered up the Governor and the castle to save their own lives. Hammond and his officers were shot, and a priest, who was their chaplain, was hanged. At length, on the 22nd of March, 1650, he attacked Kilkenny, where a plague, then prevalent in Ireland, was raging and had reduced the garrison to 500 men. They surrendered on the 28th, after a brave defence.

“Clonmel contained 2000 foot and 120 horse from Ulster, commanded by Hugh O'Neill. Cromwell attacked the town, but was repulsed with such loss that he thought it more prudent not to renew the assault then ; but on the 9th of May he returned with reinforcements. A breach was effected in the walls, but the assailants were compelled to retire. A furious contest then raged till the darkness of night compelled the combatants to desist, when it was found that Cromwell's men had suffered dreadfully from the obstinate valour of the men of Tyrone. The inhabitants now offered to surrender on conditions, which were granted, and when Cromwell entered the city next



St. Lawrence Gate Street Drogheda

morning he found that the garrison had retreated towards Waterford. This was Cromwell's last achievement in Ireland, his destiny now calling him to the sister kingdom, for which he embarked at Youghal on the 29th of May, and on the 4th of May he received the hearty thanks of the Commons 'for his great and faithful services unto the Parliament and Commonwealth.' "

Drogheda has been famous for upwards of a century as the centre of the linen trade. "At one period, £10,000 was the average expenditure for the purchase of linen-yarn in one market-day. This most important trade is not only recovering, but springing into healthy life in this locality, and throughout Ireland. The Chevalier Chausen, by rendering flax capable of being manufactured in the ordinary cotton-spinning machinery, has thrown open benefits to Ireland of incalculable value. Drogheda lies 57 miles from Belfast, and 23 from Dublin. Within its municipal boundary it contains a population of 17,300, with 6,000 in its suburban districts. The principal attractions, of many of which our volume contains incidental notices, are to be found in the immediate neighbourhood, which comprises some of the most pleasing and diversified scenery, exclusive of the field whereon was fought the famous battle, within a half-hour's walk of the town, near the hamlet of Oldbridge, on the banks of the Boyne."

FORD AND BATTLE-FIELD OF THE BOYNE.

“There was a glorious battle,
When James and William staked a crown,
And cannons they did rattle.”

THE scene represented in our engraving is one of remarkable interest. The battle which then took place gave the final blow to the cause of James. The following animated description from the pen of a popular writer will be read with interest:—

“The morning of the first of July, destined to become a great epoch in Ireland, rose brilliantly, and the opposing armies were in motion by four o’clock. William’s disposition of battle was, for Meinhart Schomberg, the son of the old general, supported by Portland and Douglas, with the Scotch guards, to take the right and secure the bridge of Slane. He himself headed the left wing near Drogheda with a strong force of cavalry, and Schomberg the centre, which was opposite Oldbridge, where he was supported by the Blues of Solmes, and the brave Londonderries and Enniskilleners, and on his left the French Huguenots under Caillemot, and betwixt them and William the Danes. Meinhart Schomberg found the bridge of Slane already occupied by Sir Neil O’Neil with a regiment of Irish Dragoons; but the English charged them briskly, killed O’Neil, and made themselves masters of the bridge.

“Nearly at the same moment that this movement took place, William put himself at the head of his cavalry, and with his sword in his left hand, for his right arm was too sore and stiff from his wound to hold it, he dashed into the river and led his wing across. At the same moment Schomberg gave the word, and the centre was in motion. Solme’s Dutch Blues led the way, and their example was instantly followed by the men of Londonderry and Enniskillen, and at their left the Huguenots. The men waded through the stream, holding aloft their muskets and ammunition. The brunt of the encounter was there, for there the enemy had expected the main attack, and had not only concentrated their forces there, horse and foot, but had defended the bank with a breastwork and batteries. The English had to advance against the deadly fire from these defences, and from the thronging Irish who raised the wildest hurrahs, whilst they could return no fire till they were nearly across and sufficiently raised from the water. Then they saw the



The Ford & Beller's field of the 18th century

breastwork and batteries lined with one mass of foes. They, however, pushed resolutely forward, fired, charged the foe, and in one instant the whole demoralised Irish broke and fled.

“The engagement was now general, from the left where William commanded, almost under the walls of Drogheda, to the bridge of the Slane. The English and their allies had forced their way across the river, and were engaged in fierce contest with the Irish horse, and the French cavalry and foot. When Schomberg saw the cavalry of Tyrconnel and Hamilton bear down upon his centre, and that they had actually driven back Solme’s Blues into the river, he dashed into the river himself, to rally and encourage them. Schomberg exhibited a degree of culpable incaution; for without defensive armour he rushed into the *mellée*. As he rode through the river, Caillemot was borne past him to the north bank mortally wounded, but still crying to his brave Huguenots, “On! on! my lads! To glory! to glory!” Schomberg took up the cry of encouragement to the men, appalled by the loss of their general, and said “Allous, messeieurs, voilà vos persécuteurs!” But scarcely had he uttered the words, when he, too, received a mortal wound.

“For half an hour with a fury which, as the oldest soldiers of the Netherlands now declared, they had never seen surpassed, Hamilton and Tyrconnel led on their cavalry against Schomberg’s forces, with a steadiness and bravery that was as much to their credit as their conduct in civil life had been disgraceful. William on his part had found a warm reception on the left. The Irish horse withstood him manfully, and drove back his gaurds and the Enniskillens repeatedly. On his first coming up to the Enniskillens he was mistaken by them for one of the enemy, and was near being shot by a trooper. The mistake being rectified, the Enniskillens followed him with enthusiasm. William threw away all thought of personal hazard, and led them into the thickest of the fight. At one moment a ball carried away the cock of his pistol, at another the heel of his boot, but he still led on. The Enniskillens fought desperately, and the horse of Ginchel charged brilliantly.

“They were thus fighting their way towards the centre, and had advanced as far as Plottin Castle, about a mile and a half from Oldbridge, when the Irish horse made a last furious effort, drove back the Enniskillens, and killed a number of them.”

DOMINICAN PRIORY, DROGHEDA.

"Ye antique cloisters, how we bless your days,
And well-nigh wish, yet joy the wish is vain,
We had been there, or they were now again."

THE ruin of the Dominican Priory, represented in our engraving, is only one of many in, or in the vicinity of, Drogheda. "Three miles from Drogheda, on the left, are the ruins of the ancient Abbey of Monasterboice; two chapels; a round tower, now 110 feet high, but formerly much higher, the top having been struck off by lightning. It beautifully diminishes from a base of eighteen feet in the manner of a Tuscan pillar. The large stone cross, called St. Boyne's Cross, in the adjoining graveyard is deemed the most ancient religious relic in Ireland. Should the tourist have at all a spice of the antiquarian in him, he will either before or immediately after visiting Monasterboice, of course consult the celebrated work entitled "The Ecclesiastical Architecture" of Ireland, anterior to the Anglo-Norman Invasion, comprising an Essay on the Origin and Uses of the Roman Towers of Ireland, which obtained the gold medal and prize of the Royal Irish Academy, by George Petrie, R.H.A., V.P.R.A., who is received as an infallible authority on the much disputed question of Round Towers, as we have already intimated, and a very superfluous intimation it is to all who are in the least conversant with such topics."

"The remains of the crosses in this fine ruin are enclosed in a circle emblematic of the eternity of the faith. The largest, known as the Great Cross, is twenty-seven feet high, composed of two stones, and as a work of art has great beauty, as it stands amid the names of hallowed fanes, and long-forgotten altars, presenting an object of most contemplative interest. The antiquity of the ruins are so remote, that all that is said or written of them is little better than mere surmise, but there can be small doubt of one portion of the building having been of a much later period than another; it is conjectured that the smaller church, of which the nave and choir still remain, was erected at the same time the Round Tower was built. The Tower is at present 110 feet in height, but was originally much higher. Its circumference is fifty-two feet. In the neighbourhood of Monasterboice is the no less famous Mellifont



Ruins of the Dominican Church, Dublin

Abbey, the remains of which bear ample testimony of former magnitude and splendour. It was erected in 1142, and granted to Sir Gerald Moore at the dissolution of monastic institutions. The tourist, on leaving the battle-field at Oldbridge, should visit Mellifont Abbey first, and then Monasterboice, although we have reversed their order here.

“ St. Bernard’s Chapel must have been one of the most elegant and highly embellished structures of the Norman or early English pointed style in Ireland, but from its size we never could imagine that it was the original church which held all the monks, nuns, and conventuals, we read existed here shortly after the foundation of the monasteries, nor that building too of the altars, many of which we learn were decorated and endowed by the princes of Baefuery. It is a low crypt, with a pointed roof, underneath another building evidently used for domestic purposes. The oldest and by far the most interesting and curious architectural remains in this place, is that usually called the Baptistry, an octagonal building, about one half of which still remains. It consists of a collonade, or series of circular-headed arches of the Roman or Saxon character, enclosing a space of twenty-nine feet in the clear, and supporting a wall which must have been, when perfect, about eighty feet high. Each external face measures twelve feet in length, and was plastered or covered with composition to the height of ten feet, where a projecting band separates it from the less elaborate masonry above. The arches are carved in sandstone and spring from foliage-ornamented capitals to the short supporting pillars, the shaft of each of which measures three feet five inches. The chord of each arch above the capitals is sixty-four feet three inches. Some slight difference is observable in the shape and arrangement of the foliage of the capitals, and upon one of the remaining half arches are beautifully carved two birds, lately much defaced by some mischievous Goth.”

PORTRANE.

“ Then 'gin the blust'ring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boisterous battle make each other to avenge.”

THE neighbourhood of Portrane is associated with events of terrible interest in association with the rebellion and massacre of 1641. “ The planters of the north were scattered among the Irish people, mingled with them in all their relations, and living with them on terms of familiarity and unsuspecting confidence. But in a moment all the ties that bound them were broken, and every friend was transformed into a foe. The landlord turned against his tenants, the servant against his master, the maid against her mistress. On every side the Protestants were plundered, their dwellings were burned, and they themselves stripped naked, and turned out upon the highway, insulted and maltreated in every possible way. Those of the naked refugees who were enabled to reach the fortified towns and castles were furnished with arms, and issuing from time to time from their strongholds, inflicted severe punishment upon the rebels. At Dronmore and Liskearne the insurgents were defeated in several skirmishes. The King sent 1500 men from Scotland to assist them, and sent also a number of commissions to the gentry. O'Neill, after several repulses in other places, led a body of 4000 from Newry, his headquarters, to Lisburn; but after several desperate assaults the besiegers were put to flight with such slaughter that the slain were three times the number of the whole garrison. By these defeats the rebels were rendered furious, and abandoned themselves to the horrid work of indiscriminate massacre. In Armagh many Protestant clergy, and the Government officers, were brutally slaughtered; above 300 Protestants were massacred at Dungannon. According to the testimony of one of the officers of the garrison of Charlemont, who was kept a prisoner by O'Neill, about 200 were drowned in the Blackwater, and a similar number near Loughgall, while 300 perished in a mill-pond in the parish of Killamen, county of Tyrone. Another witness saw 600 men, women, and children, driven naked for six miles, and goaded along by pikes and bayonets to the Blackwater, where they were drowned. In Dronmore, county of Armagh, all the Protestants were stripped naked, many of them killed, and the rest turned adrift. Other parties were thrust into houses, and there



St. George

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burnt alive, the rebels meantime mimicking their gestures during the agonies of this horrid death. One worthy was so weary in tumbling Protestants into a hog-pit, that he said he was unable to lift his arm. Against the tender sex the ferocity of these savages was greatest. In the neighbourhood of Dunganannon two men boasted that they had killed thirty-six women and children in one day. At Angher, O'Niell's men murdered all the English, and even tortured the English cattle, so that their hatred had arisen to literal madness. They murdered Lord Caulfield, and a number of the prisoners taken at Charlemont. An immense number of Protestants were collected at St. Portadown, and thrown over the bridge into the river.

"Such atrocities must have greatly excited the spirit of superstition in that ignorant age. Many of the rebel leaders were reported by the Protestants to have been struck with madness and horrible diseases. The voice of God's anger was heard in awful thunderstorms. Apparitions were seen hovering in the air, and were crying for vengeance. The bridge of Portadown, especially, was haunted by multitudes of ghosts, who walked upon the water, sometimes singing psalms, sometimes brandishing swords, and sometimes screeching in an awful manner. Elizabeth, wife of Captain Price, of Armagh, went to Portadown to be satisfied with her own eyes and ears of the truth of these reports. It was about twilight in the evening, and there she saw a woman, 'waist-high,' upright, in the water, naked, with elevated and closed hands, her hair hanging down, very white; her eyes seemed to twinkle, and her skin was white as snow; which spirit seemed to stand straight up in the water, often repeating the word 'Revenge! revenge! revenge!' whereat this deponent and the rest, being put into a strong amazement and affright, walked from the place."

A R M A G H.

“Thou dwellest surely,
Do not thyself forget, living securely ;
Thou hast a famous church, and rarely builded,
Few towns have such.”

ARMAGH is said to have been founded by St. Patrick, in the year of Grace 450, but we have no authentic mention of the city earlier than 1122. It is well built, chiefly of a hard reddish limestone, raised in the vicinity. The streets, which are well constructed, flagged, macadamised, diverge from the cathedral, down the sides of the hill on which it is built. A plentiful supply of water is conveyed through them, in pipes, from a reservoir at some distance ; they are kept perfectly clean, and are well lighted with gas. A library lately rebuilt and improved, containing upwards of 14,000 volumes, was endowed by Primate Robinson, the great benefactor of the town. He also founded and endowed the observatory. It is supplied with an excellent astronomical apparatus, and enjoys a well-deserved scientific celebrity. Primate Robinson endeavoured to raise the city to the rank of a university, but in this he failed. The Tontine buildings consist of a suite of apartments for assembly rooms, and occasionally for dramatic entertainments. Part of them is occupied by a spacious news-room.

An enclosed space called the Mall, adjoining the town, and neatly laid out and planted, affords the citizens a convenient place of recreation in fine weather. The Primate's demesne, near the town, is also open to respectable people ; and some resident gentlemen have imitated this liberal example by throwing open their pleasure-grounds. The archbishop's mansion is plain in style, but elegant in architectural proportions, and near it is a private chapel. Barracks in the vicinity afford accommodation for 300 men.

The ecclesiastical province of the Primate of all Ireland comprises the six united bishoprics of—1, Armagh and Clogher ; 2, Tuam, Ardagh, Killala, and Achonry ; 3, Devy and Raphoe ; 4, Down, Connor, and Dromore ; 5, Kilmore, and Elphin ; 6, Meath. The diocese of Armagh is divided into the upper or English part, which includes the counties of Louth and Meath, and the lower, or Irish part, containing Armagh, Tyrone, and part of Londonderry. The archiepiscopal estates extend over 100,563 acres ; the annual



Armagh



income by rents and renewal fines, is stated to be £17,670, which, on the demise of the present archbishop, is to be reduced to £12,000. The Cathedral, a large, ancient building, has recently undergone very extensive repairs, principally at the expense of the present primate. It contains several fine monuments; but to the extreme regret of all true Milesians, the monument of Brian Boru, said to have been interred in it after the battle of Clontarf, can no longer be traced.

The general appearance of Armagh is pleasing. Its situation, on the declivity of a high hill, gives it an imposing aspect, and renders it clean and salubrious. The houses are substantially built; the number of thatched cottages in its suburbs very inconsiderable. The residence of the primate, of several of the dignified clergy, and a number of noblemen and gentry in the immediate vicinity, occasions a considerable expenditure. The habits of the higher classes are social and refined. The working classes suffer little from poverty, or want of employment. They are comparatively well clothed, well lodged, and well fed. Coal is brought from Great Britain, via Belfast, by the canals, or from the colliers in Tyrone, but peat is the principal fuel.

ROCKINGHAM, NEAR BOYLE.

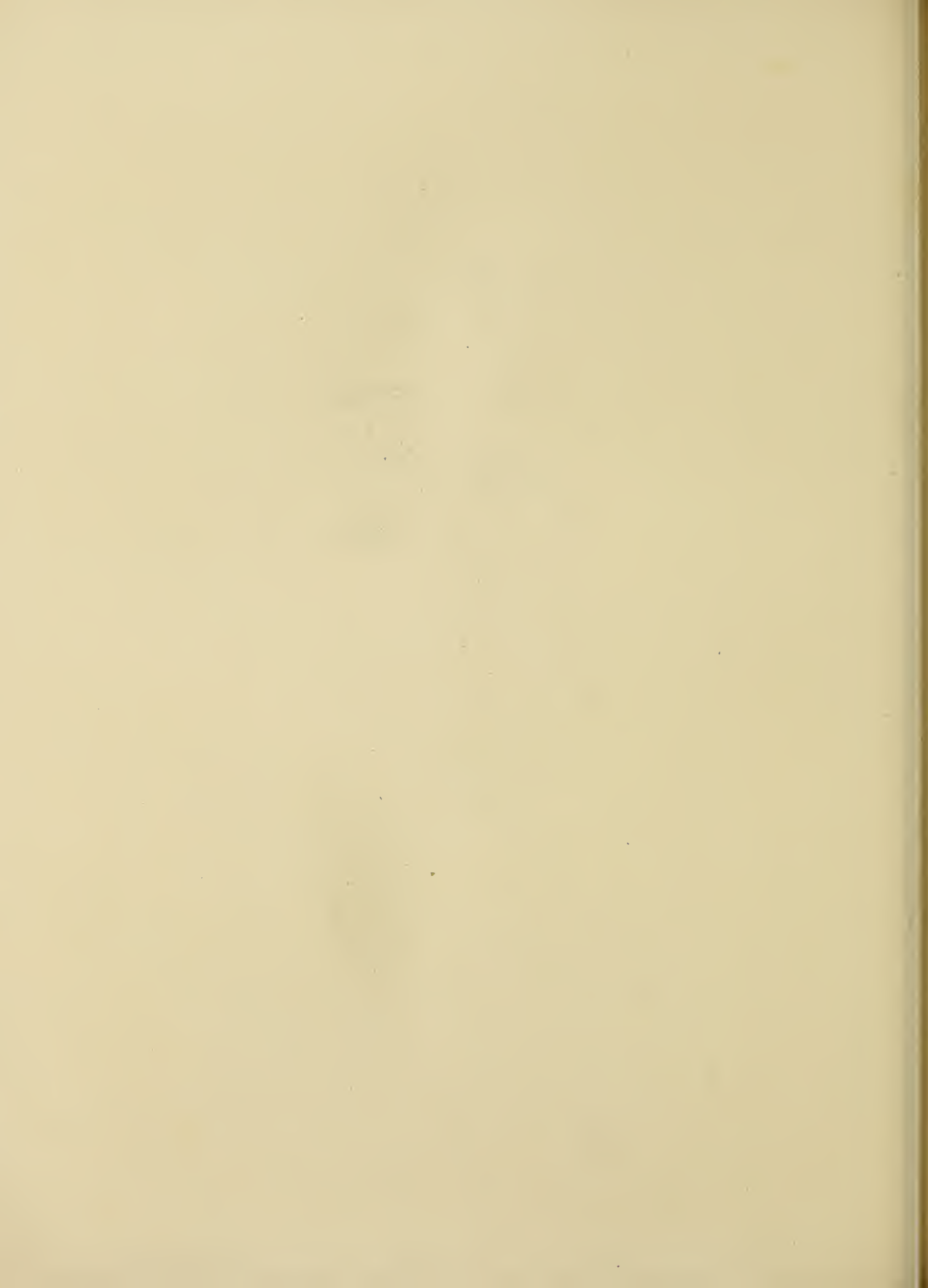
Ye abbeys and ye arches, how few and far between
The remnants of your glory in all their pride are seen;
A thousand fances are fallen, and the bat and the owl repose
Where once the people knelt them, and the highe Te Deum rose.

ROCKINGHAM is the seat of Viscount Lorton, and is situated near Boyle, county Roscommon.

Boyle was originally a religious establishment and about the year 1148 the first Abbot was raised to the see of Clontarf, but the unhappy state of the country involved him in serious misunderstandings with those over whom he was called to rule, and by accident or design he lost his life in the Shannon. The English soldiers in 1235, seized upon the Abbey and treated the inmates with extreme rigour on account of their having assisted the King of Connaught. The disordered condition of the land was such as to expose both life and property to imminent and constant peril, and we may readily suppose that the poor priests suffered very hard usage when the English soldiers came upon them and did with the sword what their teachers indicated with the crozier. The bitter enmity existing between the Irish and the English people was strongly developed in the priesthood. In some of the Abbeys in Ireland it was forbidden that any person whatsoever should be admitted unless he swore that he was not of English descent. In this the Irish ecclesiastics were but following the example of their English brethren, who forbid under severe penalties the admission of any natives into their communities within the English bounds. When on the representation of the English monarch that the Irish were given to assisting his foes, the Pope issued instructions to the clergy that all such rebels should be excommunicated, they complained bitterly of the "biting and venomous calumnies of the English," whom they described "far more cruel than the fangs of ravenous wild beasts;" they argued that "the dove-like simplicity" of the people had been changed by the bad example of their rulers into "serpentine craft." And indeed these Churchmen had much cause of complaint. They were ill-treated by the English, ill-treated by the chiefs of rival factions, and the very reverence in which they had been held by the people, was imperilled by the



Richmond, the Seat of Power & Liberty



insults to which they were exposed. The Abbey of Boyle fared no better than other Abbeys in the land, but it was still maintained until the dissolution of monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII. In 1569, the Abbey and lands were given by Queen Elizabeth to Patrick Cusack, by whom, or by a lay proprietor who afterwards succeeded him, it was forfeited. In 1598 it was granted to William Usher, having been siezed by the Earl of Tyrone in 1595. It was given by James I. to Sir John King, ancestor of the Lorton family.

'The first Viscount Lorton was created in 1800,—the year of the Union.

Rockingham House is distant about two miles from the town of Boyle, on the south-west side of Lough Key. The building is of Grecian Ionic architecture, with a noble portico of six columns, on each side of which the facade is decorated with six columns of the same order; on the north is a colonade of six Ionic columns, and on the east is the entrance to the Orangery.

NANNY WATER CASTLE.

COUNTY DOWN.

“Beautiful ruins! Oh! who could gaze on ye
Untouched by tender thoughts, and glimmering dream
Of long-departed years?”

DOWN is a maritime county of Ireland, in the province of Ulster, on its Western coast, having South and East the Irish Sea and the North Channel; North, Belfast, Lough, and Antrim; and West, Armagh and Louth. Area, 611,404 imperial acres, of which 108,569 are unimproved mountain and bog. The mountains of Mourne in the South part of the country are amongst the highest in Ireland; but, with this and a few other exceptions, the surface is abundantly level. Soil of a medium degree of fertility. There are some large estates; but there is also a fair proportion of those of medium size. Farms very small; those occupied by the better class of farmers run from twenty to fifty, and a few to a hundred acres; but the inferior holdings do not perhaps average five acres. The occupiers of the latter formerly depended in a great degree on the linen trade, but since its decline, or rather since the manufacture begun to be principally carried on in factories, they have had nothing but the land to depend upon, and the competition for the smallest patches is extreme. In this as in most other parts of Ireland, a new tenant must not only pay the stipulated rent to the landlord, but he must also pay a sum to the previous occupier, whatever may have been the cause of his leaving the farm, to ensure his quiet possession. This latter sum is called the *enant's right*; and in Down it frequently amounts to £10 an acre! Still, however, a good many improvements have been introduced of late years, though when the holdings are so small it would be absurd to suppose that agriculture can be far advanced. Potatoes, oats, and flax are the principal crops; turnips rare; potatoes mostly planted in “*long beds*,” though hilling is now pretty common. Average rent of land 16s. an acre. Cottages very generally whitewashed and neat. The condition of the cottiers or peasantry is much superior to what it is in most other Irish counties, and would have been much more so, but for that custom, the bane and curse of Ireland, of dividing and subdividing farms, which is nowhere more prevalent than here. Principal rivers—Bann, Lagan, and Newry. Principal towns—Newry,



New Water Castle, St. Dun.

Ballymacarret, and Downpatrick. Down is divided into eight baronies and sixty parishes, and sends four members to the House of Commons, two for the County, and one each for Newry and Downpatrick.

Nanny Water Castle, represented in our engraving, is a picturesque structure that cannot fail to attract the attention of the observer. The scenery is charming, and the story of old Ireland's ancient race, her battles, triumphs, and defeats, comes back on the memory as the eye wanders over the remains of her former glory. Crumbling ruins and moss-covered stones, are eloquent to the listening ear of those brave times of which the bards have sung so sweetly :—

“The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

“No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells ;
The chord alone, that breaks at night,
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus freedom now so seldom wakes—
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks
To show that still she lives.”

BALLYGARTH CASTLE.

“ * * * * * O'er
Whose rugged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps.”

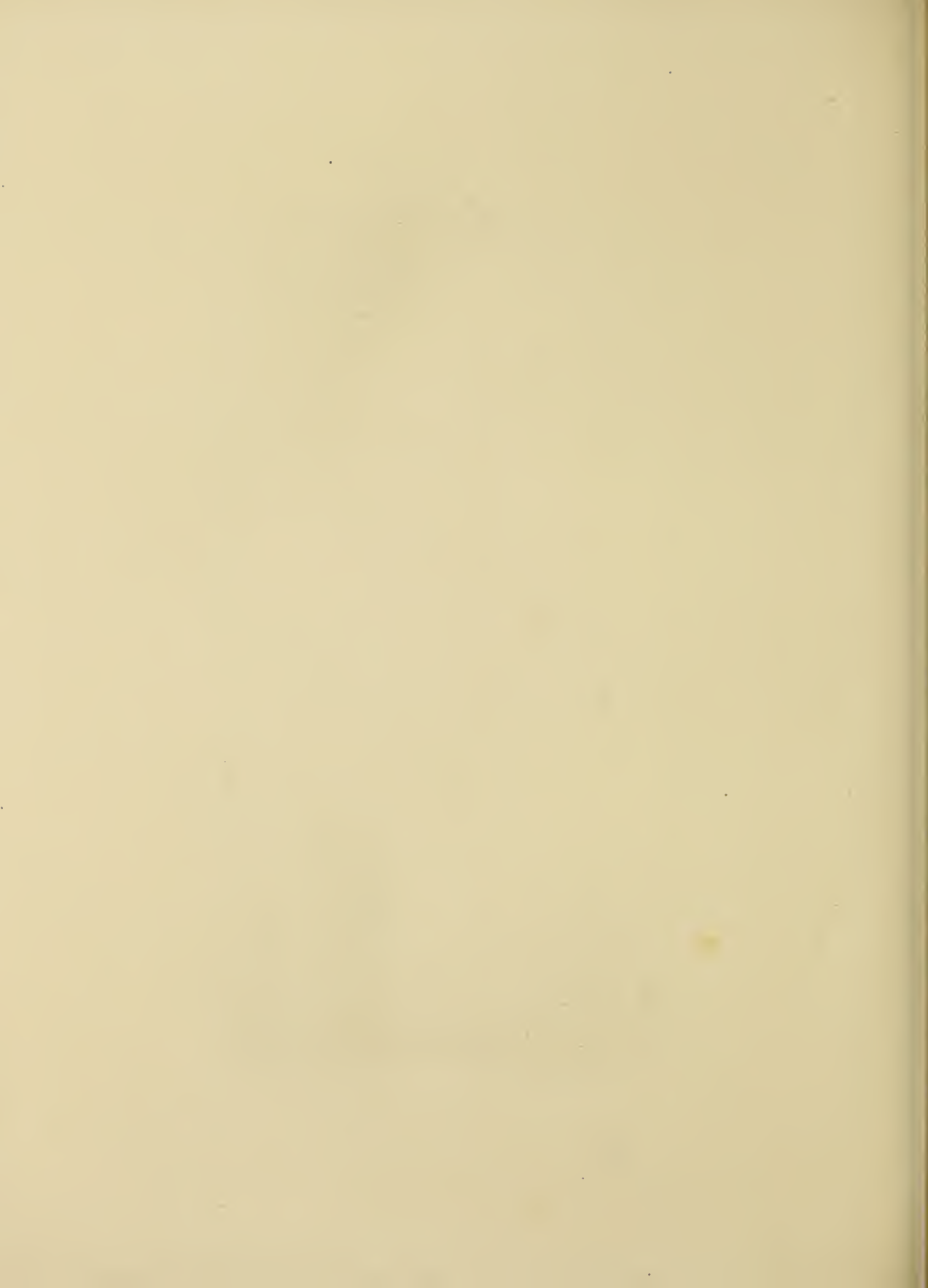
THE railway from Dublin to Drogheda passes, as we have already noticed, through some very delightful scenery, interesting alike to the artist and to the antiquary. At the commencement the railway is carried over Sheriff Street at a height of eighteen feet, by a platform bridge on massive Tuscan columns of cast iron. “At a short distance it crosses the Royal Canal over a bridge constructed on a beautiful principle, applied in this instance for the first time in Ireland with signal success, and under somewhat singular circumstances. The Royal Canal Company, deeming their consent indispensable to the railway, demanded a vast sum for permission to erect a bridge with a centre pier in the middle of the canal, which being at this part of great breadth, no possible detriment could accrue to the navigation, as the arches would admit the largest boats. The Canal Company remaining obstinate, negotiations were abandoned. Sir John Macneil, engineer-in-chief, projected a viaduct, which, by one vast span of 140 feet in the clear, would extend far beyond either bank. This was carried out triumphantly, and the bridge now stands a proud monument of scientific research and well-directed genius. The principle is as simple as beautiful. The structure is suspended by a series of bars of hammered iron running diagonally towards the centre from a light inverted elliptical arc of the same material. These bars are crossed by others at right angles, and firmly rivetted together. The great points of support being two massive abutments of solid masonry at either end, the result is, that when a weight passes over the bridge, the strain is not on the centre, but sustained by the abutments, the weight acting equally on every bar in the structure. The entire cost was about £6,000.”

Traversing the Clontarf Estate by a solid embankment, and crossing over a handsome stone bridge of one arch, the train passes by Clontarf, crosses the Howth road by a metal bridge of fifty feet span. Soon after this it enters a deep cutting through strata of black limestone, over which cutting there are several bridges and viaducts. After passing Malahide Castle, the line



Putney Park, London, on the River

Printed by A. Smith, 1810.



approaches Swords, and from Swords is continued to Rusk and Lusk. Its course is thence continued to Balbriggan, and from thence to Drogheda. After passing through some shallow cut we are brought in sight of Gormanston Castle, and after proceeding through Ben Head, and crossing Mosney stream over a railway bridge of ten arches, the railway reaches the Nanny river. It is crossed by a solid embankment, in whose centre is a timber viaduct 307 feet in length, and from this point the view upwards through the Nanny valley is rich in the extreme. On the south side a view is obtained of Ballygarth Castle, the ancient demesne of Colonel Pepper, received from King Charles II., and furnishing the incident on which Lover has founded his inimitable "White Horse of the Peppers."

ROSTREVOR, AND MONUMENT TO GEN^L ROSS.

“And now the stranger's sons enjoy
The lovely woods of Clandeboy!”

ROSTREVOR contains about 200 well-built houses, cottages, and villas; is bounded on one side by the thickly-wooded Sliev Ban and other mountains, and on the other by the softer captivation of cultivated slopes and rich meadow, covered with plantations, and studded with elegant villas.

There is no trade and no bustle here. Many of the houses on the seaward side turn their backs upon the street, and front the delicious sea-breeze. It has, altogether, an aristocratic and exclusive appearance, and is a spot of surpassing attraction. Near the centre of the town stood the massive estate of Rory M'Gennis a kinsman of one of the Lords of Iveigh, who formerly owned this region, and to whom Rostrevor owes its origion. Scarcely a vestige remains, where stood, within the memory of the present generation, the ruined walls that once re-echoed to the wassailing of the bold M'Gennis and his clan. Yet it has not passed away without a lament from the harp of one so worthy to sing its dirge, the “Wizard of the North:”—

“Ah, Clandeboy! thy friendly floor
Sliev Donard's oak shall light no more;
Nor Owen's harp, beside the blaze,
Tell maiden's love, or hero's praise!
The mantling brambles hide thy hearth,
Centre of hospitable mirth!

“All undistinguished in the glade
Thy sire's glad home is prostrate laid;
Their vassals wander wide and far,
Serve foreign lords in distant war;
And now the stranger's sons enjoy
The lovely woods of Clandeboy!”

The sail from Warrenpoint is unexpressibly charming—combining, in infinite perfection, every element of beauty, if not of actual sublimity, in massive and pastoral scenery. But it is the bay—the unequalled, the inimitable Bay of Carlingford—which is the great lion of the scene, for all other beauties sink into insignificance beside the bright blue of these deep transparent waters. Dr. Knox says, “Warrenpoint is, *par excellence*, the bathing place



Boatharbour & Monument of General Ross



of Newry. It is rapidly increasing both in extent and public favour, and has now many excellent streets and villas, erected in a dry and sandy situation. Good houses may be had, and lodgings varying from 15s. to £2 per week. The vicinity of Rostrevor and its delightful neighbourhood offers additional inducements to make it a temporary residence. As a summer retreat Rostrevor is greatly prized, and its sheltered position constitutes it a good winter residence, when the perpetual and violent storms render the west coast almost uninhabitable. It is scarcely possible anywhere to point out a more delightful district than that lying between Rostrevor and the large seaport of Newry, the vicinity to which renders it easy to procure all the necessaries and elegances of life; and constant intercourse with Liverpool, by means of the steamers from Warrenpoint, renders it peculiarly accessible.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

"Dark o'er the foam-white waves,
The Giant's Pier the war of tempests braves,
A far-projecting, firm, basaltic way,
Of clustering columns wedged in dense array;
With skill so like, yet so surpassing art,
With such design, so just in every part,
That reason pauses, doubtful if it stand
The work of mortal or immortal hand."

THIS vast collection of basaltic pillars is in the vicinity of Balimony, in the county of Antrim, Ireland. The principal or grand causeway (there being several considerable and scattered fragments of a similar nature,) consists of an irregular arrangement of many hundred thousands of columns, formed of a black rock nearly as hard as marble. The greater part of them are of a pentagonal figure, but so closely and compactly situated on their sides, though perfectly distinct from top to bottom, that scarcely anything can be introduced between them. These columns are of an unequal height and breadth; several of the most elevated visible above the surface of the strand, and at the foot of the impending angular precipice, are of the height of about twenty feet, which they do not exceed, at least not any of the principal arrangements. How deeply they are fixed in the strand has never yet been ascertained.

This grand arrangement extends nearly two hundred yards, as it is visible at low water; but how far beyond is uncertain from its declining appearance: however, at low water, it is probable that it does not reach beneath the water to a distance equal to that which is seen above. The breadth of the principal causeway, which runs out in a continual range of columns, is in general from twenty to thirty feet; in some parts it may for a short distance be nearly forty. From this account are excluded the broken and scattered pieces of the same kind of construction, which are detached from the sides of the grand causeway, as they do not appear to have ever been contiguous to the principal arrangement, although they have been frequently comprehended in the width, which has led to such wild and dissimilar representations of this causeway in the different accounts that have been given. Its highest point is the narrowest, at the very spot of the impending cliff, whence the whole projects; and there for about the same space in length, its width is not more than from twelve to fifteen feet. The columns of this narrow part incline



Granite Quarry



from the perpendicular a little to the westward, and form a slope on their tops, by the unequal height of their sides ; and in this way a gradual ascent is made at the foot of the cliff, from the head of one column to the next above, to the top of the great causeway, which at a distance of about eighteen feet from the cliff obtains a perpendicular position, and lowering from its general height, widens to between twenty and thirty feet, being for nearly three hundred feet always above the water. The tops of these columns being, throughout this length, nearly of an equal height, form a grand and singular parade, which may be walked on, somewhat inclining to the water's edge. But from the high-water mark, as it is perpetually washed by the beating surges, on every return of the tide the platform lowers considerably, becoming more and more uneven, so as not to be walked on but with the greatest care. At the distance of a hundred and fifty yards from the cliffs it turns a little to the east, for the space of twenty or thirty yards, and then sinks into the sea. The figure of these columns is with a few exceptions pentagonal, or composed of five sides ; and the spectator must look very narrowly indeed to find any of a different construction, that is of three, four or six sides. What is very extraordinary and particularly curious is, that there are not two columns in ten thousand to be found which either have their sides equal among themselves or display a like figure.

The composition of these pillars is not less deserving the attention of the curious observer. They are not of one solid stone in an upright position, but composed of several short lengths, nicely joined, not with flat surfaces, but articulated into each other like a ball and socket, or like the joints in the vertebrae of some of the larger kind of fish, the one at the joint having a cavity, into which the other end of the opposite is exactly fitted. This is not visible unless on disjoining the two stones. The depth of the concavity or convexity is generally about three or four inches. It is still farther remarkable, that the convexity and correspondent concavity of the joint are not conformable to the external angular figure of the column, but exactly round, and as large as the size or diameter of the column will admit ; consequently, as the angles of these columns are in general very unequal, the circular edges of the joints are seldom coincident with more than two or three sides of the pentagonal, and are from the edge of the circular part of the joint to the exterior sides and angles, quite plain. It ought likewise to be noticed as a singular curiosity, that the articulations of these joints are frequently inverted, in some of them the concavity being upwards, in others the reverse. This occasions that variety and mixture of concavities and convexities on the tops of the columns, which is observable throughout the platform of this causeway,

without any discoverable design or regularity with respect to the number of either.

The length of these particular stones, from joint to joint, is various; they are in general from eighteen inches to two feet long; and for the greater part, longer towards the bottom of the columns than nearer the top, the articulation of the joints being somewhat deeper. The size, or diameter, likewise, of the columns is as different as their length and figure; in general they are from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter. Throughout the whole of this combination there are not many traces of uniformity of design, except in the form of the joint, which is invariably by the articulation of the convex into the concave of the piece next above or below it; nor are there traces of a finishing in any part, whether in the height, length, or breadth. If there be particular instances in which the columns above water have a smooth top, others near them of an equal height are more or less convex or concave, which shows them to have been joined to pieces which have been washed away, or by other means taken off. It cannot be doubted but that those parts which are constantly above the water have gradually become more and more even. At the same time that the remaining surfaces of the joints must necessarily have been made smoother by the constant action of the air, and by the friction in walking over them, than where the sea at every tide beats on the Causeway, continually removing some of the upper stones and exposing fresh joints. As all the exterior columns, which have two or three sides exposed to view, preserve their diameter from top to bottom, it may be inferred that such is also the case with the interior columns, the tops of which alone are visible.

THE ROUND TOWER.

THE following particulars respecting the Round Towers, so famous throughout Ireland, and of which an illustration is given in the frontispiece, are extracted from an interesting and valuable essay on Irish Antiquities.

“The Round Tower forms the most interesting, as it is the best constructed, object in the whole reign of Irish antiquities. Its location beside, although apart from, churches, and the presence of the cross over *one* doorway, together with two *decorated* doors, and the name of *Clochteach*, by which many of them are vernacularly known, have produced the opinion that they are of Christian origin, although no type for them can be found in any other Christian country. On the other hand this type has been found on the shores of the Caspian, and in India, Etruria, Sardinia, and Minorca, in monuments indisputably pagan; and it is well known that none of those Irish ecclesiastics who are said to have raised round towers in Ireland, did ever in their foreign missions erect a similar building in any of those countries in which they located themselves. In Scotland, which received Irish pagan colonists in the third and fifth centuries, four round towers only were erected by the emigrants; more they built not, because in another century they became Christianised.

“The legendary notices found of them in our literature, or current in popular tradition, connect them with the pagan mythology, and the Arkite doctrine. The term *Clochteach*, as it has been equally applied to round and square steeples, to lofty and low buildings, cannot, *per se*, be regarded as of the slightest value in the investigation of their origin, period, or use. Dr. Petrie, who by his admirers has been deemed to have settled “*for ever*” all controversy on this subject, has concluded that they were of Christian construction, erected as belfries and places of security, and assigns their era to between the fifth and thirteenth centuries.

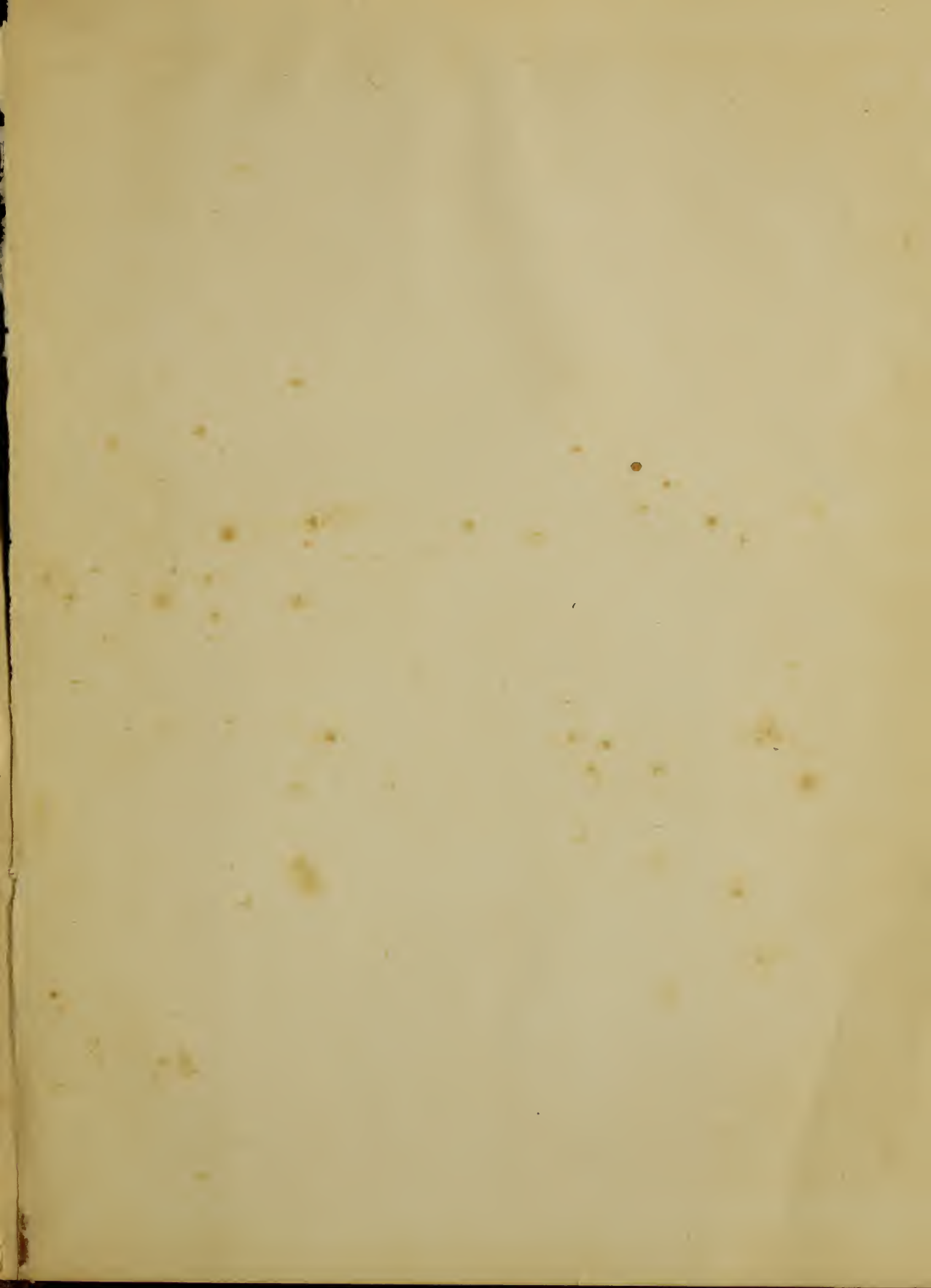
“The South Munster Society of Antiquaries have, however, ascertained, by investigation of their interiors, that one of their uses was sepulchral. The mode of interment adopted was by simple inhumation, without the accompaniment of weapons or trinkets, the most ancient form of burial. The appropriation of the basement story to this use explains the reason why the door, in all cases, is placed so high in the building. They have also ascertained that several of the existing towers are reconstructions of more recent times, upon ancient bases; such are those of Kildare, Killmallock Oran, &c.

“The sites, though now Christian cemeteries, afford every indication of earlier pagan use, such as holy wells, rock-basins, Ogham inscriptions, stones impressed with foot-marks, &c., whilst the names of several are also expressive of heathen appropriation.

“On the whole, all the probabilities, from analogy and otherwise, favour the opinions held by our ablest antiquaries, that those structures have an oriental parentage, and were connected with sun or fire-worship.

“Belonging to the Christian era are a great variety of small churches, whose dates extend from the fifth to the twelfth centuries; stone crosses, inscriptions in the Roman-Irish characters, reliquaries, shrines, bells, croziers, &c., and the whole mass of manuscript literature. The antiquary, from the Pelasgic or polygonal character of their masonry and details, manifesting an immediate derivation or, rather, continuity, of a preceding style of primeval antiquity in the Island. Several of these were roofed in with stone.

“The churches of the eighth and subsequent centuries exhibit more of decoration and greater extent. Their details present more elaboration, &c., of the sculptor’s art. In all these, too, there are peculiar features distinguishing their style from the cœval architecture of the neighbouring country. In them a chancel is generally superadded to the nave, and both compartments are connected by a semi-circular, decorated sculptured arch. The ruins at Inis Carltre, Clonmacroix, Monaincha, and Cashel, present interesting specimens of the architecture of this period.”



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Tillotson, J.

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